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Cinderellas among Magazines *By Fletcher Pratt*

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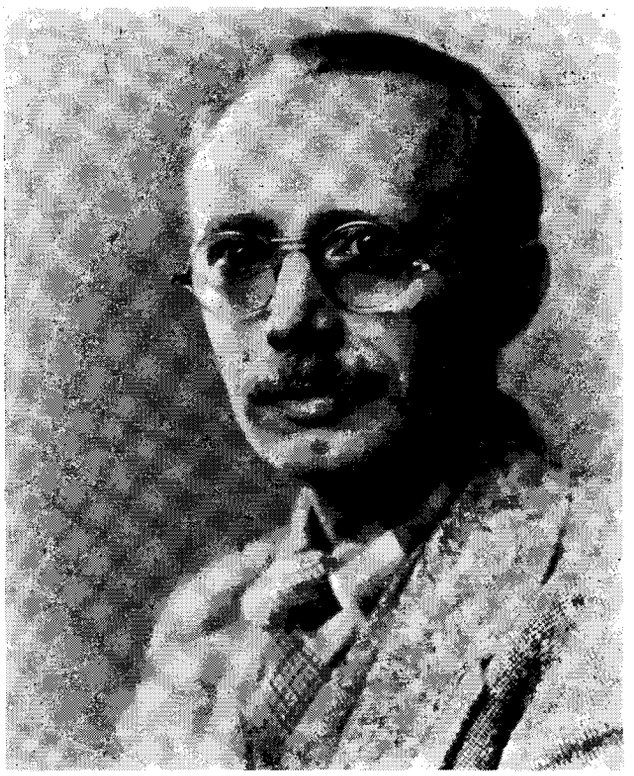
Cinderellas among Magazines

BY FLETCHER PRATT

THAT perennial Sibylline book of the advertising industry, "Ayer's Newspaper Annual and Directory," announces that there are now being issued in the United States 6,412 "periodicals," as distinguished on the one hand from newspapers, and from house organs and high school monthlies "of no importance to advertisers" on the other. The overwhelming majority of these are of the type known as "class and trade publications," or "trade journals." In fact, if one deducts from the 6,412 the magazines that are or hope to be of general interest, and the smaller, but still considerable groups devoted to the Negro, Jewish, and Teutonic races, there remain not less than 5,500, of which 142 are dailies, about 1,500 weeklies, and almost all the rest monthlies.



Fletcher Pratt

These are the trade journals, a term used in advertising and publishing in a manner sufficiently loose to cover almost any magazine not commonly sold on the newsstands. More precisely, a trade journal may be described as something addressed to readers with a special interest, whether professional, semi-professional, or avocational, and appealing to advertisers on the ground that its readers are a selected group. Collectively these trade journals form by far the largest department of literature in the country, whether the computation be made on wordage, financial investment, or number of subscribers. Individually, the list includes magazines fatter than *Esquire (Iron Age, American Machinist)*; magazines more expensive than *Fortune* (the subscription price of certain fur trade journals is a cool hundred dollars per annum); and magazines whose circulation managers need not blush at comparison with such giants as *Saturday Evening Post* and *Pictorial Review*. The trade journals have been the recruiting ground for many of the persons writing English for profit today; they are the mausoleum of many others who were doing it yesterday. Yet they are seldom the subject of spoken or written comment.

Perhaps, no doubt, the cause is the same as that which delayed for forty years M. Jourdain's discovery that he knew how to speak prose. There are probably few persons reading anything beyond the comic strips without including some trade journal in the list, and there is practically no business or special interest without its organ. The astrologers have three magazines of their very own; agnostics may make their choice of two; there is one for German-speaking atheists. People opposed to chain stores, the Roman Catholic church, secret societies, thieves, tobacco, or vivisection receive the attention of specialized magazines. If you own a horse, it is shod by a blacksmith who undoubtedly gets one of the three journals concerned with that moribund trade; the Fuller brush man may have either of two; the tombstone salesman is offered a choice among seven magazines from which to learn the news of his business. There are five devoted to oratory and eight to the highly specialized and not very extensive field of the purchasing agent. Even tramps and waste material (junk) have their trade journals, and up to the abolition of the New Orleans restricted district, there was one for prostitution.

At the head of this list of literary curiosities (which will doubtless greatly puzzle some archeologist of 3876 A.D.) stand two sharply defined groups which approach the general magazines in standing and a third, rather vaguer group, which is yet sharply different from the average trade journal. The largest of these groups, both in point of numbers and in the circulation of individual magazines, is that of the agricultural and farm home papers, headed by six giants with circulations of a million and up *(Progressive Farmer, Successful Farming, Capper's Farmer, Farmer's Wife, Country Home, Farm Journal)*, and running all the way down to small sheets which chronicle events connected with the breeding of Poland China hogs or the culture of walnuts. They are largely, and usually competently, written by the staff, graduates of agricultural colleges; when they use non-specialized material, it generally comes from writers of national reputation for whose services they can and do compete with the great general magazines. *Country Home,* which carries stories, articles, and recipes not violently dissimilar in character from those in the general women's magazines, is produced for women who live on farms, and its editors try to give even its fiction a definite farm angle. Most of them offer services of all kinds from free legal advice to the execution of purchasing commissions in the nearest large city for their subscribers.

The second group is composed of the highly technical mechanical magazines, such as *Iron Age, Foundry, Engineering News-Record,* for which the writing (on such topics as "Multiple Tool Machining of Malleable Truck Wheels") is necessarily done by experts. This writing is often prose of a very high order, even better than that in the professional press,

Next Week

THE LETTERS OF HENRY ADAMS
Reviewed by Katharine Simonds

NINE CHAINS TO THE MOON
By BUCKMINSTER FULLER
Reviewed by Frank Lloyd Wright

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so good that foreign magazines are often moved to comment on the excellence of American technical writing.

The third group, which is the vague one, might be described as that of the professional journals which, besides the magazines that are the organs of the recognized professions *(Druggists' Circular, Journal of the American Medical Association)*, may be defined to include those serving an unusually numerous and literate trade (*Printer's Ink* in advertising, for example), or where trade news is of vital importance to the intelligent conduct of a business (*Variety* and *Billboard* in the show business, *Women's Wear* in clothing), or where the trade journal serves as a practical union catalogue *(The Daily Running Horse)*. Here also the writing is usually good, the editorship competent, the format all that could be desired. Few magazines anywhere approach the beauty of presentation the *Naval Institute Proceedings* or *American Architect* give their subjects.

The second group just referred to, that of the mechanical magazines, contains the really big money-makers of the trade journal business, perhaps the biggest money-makers of the entire publishing business. Among the magazines of general circulation an advertising-text space relation of 1:2 is considered to put the publication that possesses it in the success class. No editor of a mechanical trade journal feels happy until he has pushed his advertising-text ratio up to 2:1, and it not infrequently attains the remarkable figure of 5:1. What is more, the successful trade journals can and do charge proportionately higher rates for advertising than the general magazines.

In fact, perhaps the outstanding characteristic of the vast acreage of printed matter represented by the trade press, is its preoccupation with advertising, its unashamedly commercial character. Not that book publishers conduct eleemosynary institutions or popular magazines refuse to look upon the dollar when it is green; but your book publisher had better pay some attention to literary values or he will be hearing from the critics, and the popular magazine that does not maintain a certain level of interest and suspense in its stories soon ceases to be popular. Among trade journals it is different; once one has passed below the level of the large or influential organs mentioned above, which in their character approach the general magazines, one enters the field of the minor trade journals —say about 4,000 of the 5,500—where it does not in the least matter whether a thing be said well or badly.

Circulations in this field hover between the 3,000, which means danger or downright ownership by the printing company, and the 12,000 which brings relative affluence to everyone concerned. Text pages are filled in the most haphazard and singular manner. Only three things count—Get the Ad, Get the Names, and Get the Pix, in descending order of merit.

The titular editor is the man, or the chief of men, to Get the Ad, and has usually reached his position by prowess in this direction. Since the ad is a species of tribute levied on the manufacturer and/or wholesaler for the privilege of seeing his name in print, it is usually secured on personality. The editor is a Card. His supply of off-color stories is up-to-date and inexhaustible; he knows why the Collins-Maginnes Co., lost out on the big contract, and the scandal about old man So-and-so and the blonde. He is a living Walter Winchell's column of the trade, which is spiritually, if not geographically, a small town, and what he prints in his paper is, more often than not, a mere footnote to what he has to say.

It is obvious that he need not be particularly articulate on the typewriter, and in fact he is occasionally barely literate. One, who for many years conducted a good technical trade journal, quite a leader in its field, was an immigrant Italian who knew barely enough English to read the letters his secretary wrote for him, not from dictation. A barber who had never been beyond the sixth grade in grammar school headed a magazine for his trade, an ex-sea captain one in the oil field. When a trade journal editor wishes to be humorous he opens an editorial with "Well, folks, here I am in Laredo, Texas, and the first thing I see is Joe Gasbotta with a mule-fly sitting on his neck. Can't fool a mule-fly, I say." *(Fruitman's Gazette.)* When he wishes to be eloquent, he proclaims in inch-high type across the front cover "The motto of this business is—On the great clock of time there is but one word—NOW." *(American News Trade Journal.)*

The truly editorial functions are usually cared for by some underpaid college boy who lives in a rooming house and writes poetry in his spare time, or some broken-down reporter in exile from the bruits of a more fevered existence. The staff of a typical florist's trade journal a few years back was composed of three of the former (two poets, one playwright) and a veteran police reporter from Massachusetts. An equally typical export journal was staffed by one college cub, a district man for the *New York Herald* who had lost his job when the paper sold out to the *Tribune*, and a mysterious Englishman with dyed hair who was believed to be an illegitimate scion of nobility.

Twenty years ago, or somewhat less, the physical appearance of the periodicals produced by these men varied widely. Today they have reached a standard type—8½ x 11 inches in page size, twenty-four to forty-eight pages, a two-color plate occupying the front page, and a good sized ad from the photo-engraving company that made it just inside. If the magazine be doing well, the remaining advertising will be from manufacturers and service companies connected with the trade. If business is bad, much of it will be from hotels, given in exchange for "due bills" which will be used up by the staff in place of paid vacations.

The text pages of this average trade journal contain an editorial, five or six articles, and the "back yard." The editorial almost invariably refers to some lost and hopeless crusade in the interests of the business. The *American Rifleman* has for fifteen years or more been campaigning against the laws prohibiting revolver sales, pointing out in each month's issue how easy it is for any citizen to manufacture a lethal weapon in his cellar; the *Produce Packer* is invariably indignant over New York wharfage charges; *Music Trades* perpetually informs its readers that the only way to bring the piano business back is the reëstablishment of

(*Continued on page* 19)

End of August

BY BARCLAY HALL

HOW gradual, gradual the dark came on:
If ever there were silence, that was it.
My freshcut grass smelled sweet as cinnamon,
I felt myself beginning to forget.
Almost equal in such dim desire
Were things I never won and things I lost
Till, chattering voltage like a broken wire
The wild cicada cried, Six weeks to frost!

Then dark was damnable. Night was too clear:
The trees no shelter, for the stars burned through;
And now this morning, when I first go out
What do I see, poised in the western sheer?
Curved downward like a hooked and leaping trout
Waning, the moon we had when it was new.

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Striplings Grow Up

OWN WILDERNESS. By N. Warner Hooke. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

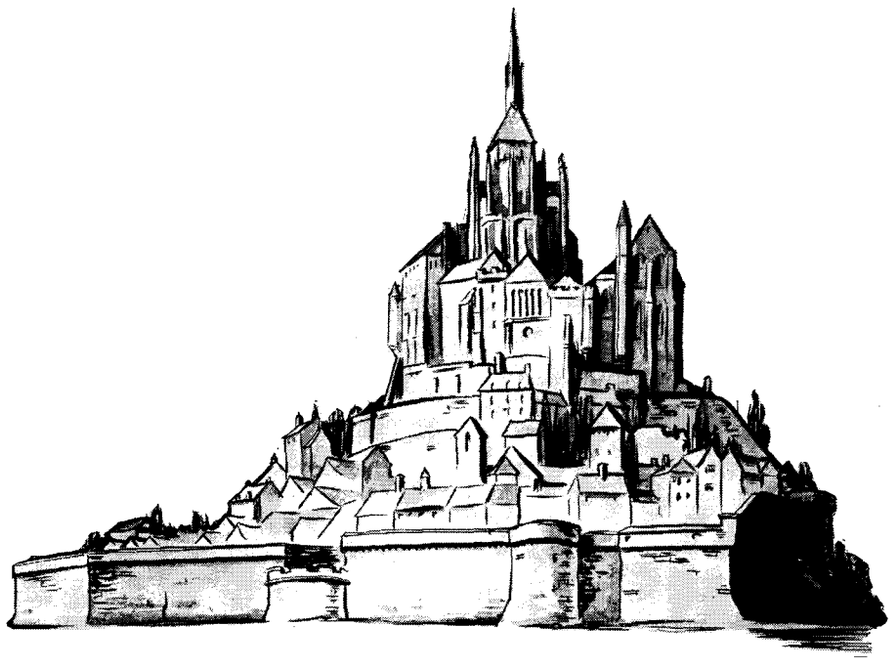
THIS volume brings to a close the Tamlin trilogy. Four years ago, Biff and Netta made their highly successful debut in "Striplings." Readers and critics were unanimous in their verdict that these two children, half brother and sister, were utterly shocking and completely fascinating. That first account of their days at "The Place," where they lived with their mother and their two fathers, one a husband and one a lover, was a hilarious tale of life in a wild and undisciplined household. Only two laws were recognized: desire and necessity.

The second volume, "Close of Play," was slighter in extent, dealing with a single emotional situation, but once more the fantastic was bent to the service of realism. Driven from "The Place" by death, quarrels, and poverty, Biff and Netta and a third now, Rodney, go to London for an unhappy interlude. In the end, Biff turns puzzledly away from introspection; Rodney flees entirely the little menage; Netta begins to recognize the dark fate that lies ahead.

"Own Wilderness" falls naturally into two parts. The opening half finds Biff an ineffective garage assistant and Netta, of all things, a governess in the family of a green-grocer. They are still, despite their growing up, the outrageous children with whom impulse passes uninterrupted into action, let the bombs fall where they may. With them to think is to speak, and decorum lies a-bleeding. Cataclysm, with Biff escaping promised marriage at the last minister-included minute, and the two are off once more for "The Place."

The final section deepens in tone. Biff and Netta live in one room of the dying house, cut off from the outside world. Ugly rumors swirl up around them. The knowledge grows in Netta that there is no way out for the love that is ripening irrepressibly in her. Biff has set his face against it. The rumors break over their world, their own wilderness is destroyed. This is the end.

There are defects in the trilogy, the author is never as sure with her secondary characters as with the essential ones, and when the plot, as such, enters, its efforts are apparent. But the work demands and deserves publication in a single volume. Each novel is complete in itself for separate reading, but there is a wholeness about the three which would inevitably gain by consolidation. After each of the first two volumes appeared, an imperative "What next?" questioned. That is over now. There can never be any next for Netta. She reaches out with desperate, delicate hands and draws her own final curtain.



"This place is the granite mass at the mouth of the Couesnon, where, facing the sea, a great abbey-fortress . . . towers." *From the jacket design of "Tides of Mont St.-Michel."*

Under St. Michael's Sword

TIDES OF MONT ST.-MICHEL. By Roger Vercel. New York: Random House. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

THIS story belongs to a kind that has been cultivated by French novelists more assiduously and perhaps more successfully than by writers of any other nationality: the novel of conjugal relationships. It adheres, also, to the familiar triangular pattern, a pattern to which no one country or age can lay peculiar proprietory claim. But the setting of the conjugal drama is unusual, and the third vital point of the triangle is neither "another man" nor "the other woman," but the setting itself,—a place that serves at once as a background, as a symbol, and as an active character. This place is the granite mass at the mouth of the Couesnon, where, facing the sea, a great abbey-fortress, with shops and houses huddling at its flank, towers beneath the upspread wings and the uplifted sword of the Archangel Michael. It is Mont Saint-Michel, with all that the name embraces: abbey and little town, racing tides, and treacherous sands.

André and Laura Brelet came to the Mount on a winter night of wind and rain. They came there driven by necessity. André's father-in-law, and business partner, had recently ended life as a bankrupt and a suicide; André's father had salvaged from his shipyard barely enough to support himself. Finding himself broke, André had looked everywhere for a job, but strangers had none for a person of his type, and old friends refused to embarrass themselves by employing as clerk a man in whose house they had been used to dine. At last, political pull had opened to him a post as "guardian," really guide, at the Historical Monument of Mont Saint-Michel. He could, if he chose, wear a uniform, collect a yearly salary of eighteen hundred francs, and pool his tips with eleven other "guardians." Laura recoiled in disgust from the offer, but André had the courage to accept it. She came to the Mount with him because, at the moment, there was nothing else for her to do, but she came prepared to loathe the place with all the intensity of her shallow being and determined to escape from it at the first opportunity. Roger Vercel has written the story of the Brelets during the months that followed the night of wind and rain.

He has written it with extreme economy as regards characterization, and, in my opinion, with only partial success. One could not complain at his merely sketching in his minor figures, such as Hulard, with promising lines of which the promise is not fulfilled, had he done this to leave himself more room for the development of his major characters; but the principal actors do not gain by the slighting of the lesser ones. Laura never becomes more than the stock figure of a shallow, spoiled wife, and André remains a person more written about than realized. We are told that he fell victim to Mont Saint-Michel's immemorial fascination, but it is the author telling us from outside, not André from within. We are assured that, on the Mount, André "had acquired the habit of beauty," but we do not know the man well enough to know

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what beauty meant to him. And as for the conflict between the woman and the place—apparently the essential conflict in the author's scheme — it is neither clean-cut nor convincing. Laura was not fighting against the beauty and influence of Mont Saint-Michel; she was revolting against poverty, and her revolt would have been the same wherever poverty had overtaken her. Nor was André so ensorcelled by the Mount that he was deaf, as Hulard really was, to tempting voices from the outside world. He was quite ready to return to a position in business life; he balked only when he discovered that he would owe his position to Laura's former lover, and even then he was not entirely capable of making the final decision for himself.

M. Vercel's descriptions of the abbey in different lights and seasons and at different hours, in storm, in sunshine, and under snow, are beautifully evocative. His depiction of the horrors of the tourist months, when the Mount is overrun by commercial exploiters and exploited trippers, is edged and memorable. But his most unforgettable scenes are concerned with sea and sand—André shooting on the sands with Docheais; André floundering on the heels of the cockle-shell gatherers; André and the fishermen trapped by the mist, feeling and fighting their way to safety: the tourists fatally caught, between the Mount and Tombelaine, by the invading tide. Here are descriptions and incidents so vividly set down and so charged with emotion that they make one feel ungrateful for finding any fault at all with the novel that contains them. So one adds hastily that it is possible to enjoy this book for all the good things that it holds, while still feeling that the author has fallen short of complete success in his theme and central characters.

A reviewer who has not seen the French text can give no greater praise to Mr. Warre Bradley Wells's English version than to say that it almost never reminds us that it is a translation.

Job or Maccabeus?

ROOTS IN THE SKY. By Sidney Meller. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by N. L. Rothman

THERE have always been two historic attitudes the Jew might take toward his oppressors, and many shades of variation between the two. Which shall he be, Job or Maccabeus? Shall he rest secure in his faith, keep his laws, and raise no hand in defense? Or shall he gird on worldly armor and fight for his place, his money, on the Sabbath? Or shall he flee the choice and seek anonymity in protective coloration? If the third, what of his integrity? If the second, his religion? If the first, his life? These are the questions Sidney Meller poses in his long chronicle novel. The answers are not here, because there can be no final answers, but the questions are sharply and clearly put, and solidly characterized in the members of this immigrant family of fifty years ago.

The Drobnens came to San Francisco. Elchanan Drobnen was a scholar, and became rabbi in a small synagogue; he and his wife took up, as though they had never left it, the quiet, formal, pious life of the European Jew. But they raised a brood of children who seemed to draw out of the new heady atmosphere a will to diverge from the old ways. The schism appeared here as it did in thousands of just such Jewish-American families at the turn of the century. The language, the rituals, the holidays, the customs, all fell into disuse, and this household became a symbol of disintegration, a centrifugal wheel with the Rabbi cool and unswerving at the center and the children whirling off at tangents. The heart of the book is in this fact. Fragmentary as it is, built of separate, short sequences now about David, now about Miriam, now about Aba (which are often very badly joined and sometimes not at all), there is this immanent theme of a strong whole dissolving into weaker parts, that links the fragments into a tragic, compelling narrative. The spiritual conflict is curiously heightened by Mr. Meller's deliberate neglect of physical matters. We learn very little about the San Francisco the Drobnens lived in and, with the exception of the Rabbi, very little of the appearance of the Drobnens themselves. This story moves inside of them, where streets and faces are dimmer than passions and memories.

There are no answers here, but there are indications of where honor may lie. The character of Elchanan Drobnen, for instance, stands out magnificently, the most perfect in the book and the most beautiful. He is like a steady, pure flame. In the serene light he sheds the defections and opportunisms of his sons are no more than the posturings of shadows. Such is the effect Mr. Meller creates for him, and it suggests that integrity is with such as him, who cling immutably to the fold. Every Drobnen, like every Jew, faces the necessity to choose, and perhaps the one bitter aspect of Mr. Meller's history—for the book is written throughout with the affirmative wholeheartedness of its chief character—is the feeling that the choice rests not with them.

Jacket Design for "Roots in the Sky."

American Scrapbook

THRICE A STRANGER. By Vera Brittain. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by Elmer Davis

MISS BRITTAIN'S story of her three experiences of America —in the middle twenties as an instructor's wife, poor, unknown, and touchy, in 1934 and 1937 as a successful lecturer—is a bread-and-butter note, addressed chiefly to her publishers but with incidental acknowledgments to many other American friends. People whose names are not mentioned will not get much out of it, unless they happen to be pushovers for her brand of intensity. Apparently she never throws away anything printed or typewritten; most of the book is compiled from carbon copies of letters home, clippings of newspaper interviews, articles rejected by *Harper's*, menus from the *Berengaria* and the Automat, etc. Historians must use such source material, but they digest it in the text; she simply pastes it up.

After several hundred pages of this, it is startling to come on a chapter discussing the business of the lecturer, and particularly of the English lecturer in America, which is serious, professional, and intelligent; the shop talk of a craftsman who respects her trade, and works hard at it to give the customers their money's worth. Reading that, you can easily understand that Miss Brittain was a success on the platform; the more the pity that she put her name on this consignment of cheap trade goods for the natives. Book buyers are customers too.

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Man with Two Countries

GREEN WORLDS. An Informal Chronicle. By Maurice Hindus. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by JOHN GUNTHER

THIS seems to me in some respects Mr. Hindus's best book, which is a lot to say. It has all his well-known qualities: grace and simplicity of style, directness, a close but restrained emotional texture, discriminating observation, and expert reportorial capacity.

There is a chapter entirely about mud. I don't know any writer but Mr. Hindus, or someone else who inherits Chekhov's laughter-and-tears, who could get away with it. He turns mud to beauty. A pond of mud sits before his native village. Listen:

> We got so used to the mud that we stopped cursing it, unless it caused some immediate mishap. We took it as an inevitable part of our daily struggle. Sometimes we even got fun out of it. If, when we peered out of a window, we saw a man or woman who was carrying a calf on his or her back slip and fall in it, we burst into a laugh. Some of us were so goodhumored that we didn't mind laughing at ourselves when we fell into its black slime. Sometimes boys would search out a particularly thick mud hole and spread themselves out on their backs with their arms outstretched, for the pleasure of seeing the neatly wrought impressions of themselves when they got up, as other children do in snow.

"Green Worlds" is a fragment of autobiography. Mr. Hindus tells us of his native village in Russia, the emigration of his family to the United States, his first days in incredible New York, and his experiences on a farm in upper New York state—Mount Brookville is the place—where he spends the next few years. It is a kind of immigrant's idyll, a gesture by Mr. Hindus to the two widely different communities which made his life and career possible.

Mount Brookville, which is described with a beautiful mixture of precision and nostalgia, was a long pull from the interior of Russia. In Mr. Hindus's native village, his father—poor enough—was the only man who owned a clock. His ambition, like that of other worthy peasants, was to leave enough so that the cross on his grave could be oak instead of merely birch. When he drank tea, he kept a lump of sugar under his tongue, and let the tea dribble over it, in order to economize. The dogs were fierce, the beggars pestilential, and the tax collectors corrupt.

Then . . . America! Young Maurice got only three dollars a week, but he ate meat with fat on it. In America "it took less sugar to sweeten the tea in the glass than in the mouth. That was the kind of sugar America had." Nobody in America had to use wrapping paper or newspaper for rolling cigarettes. It was even true that in America boys and girls used handkerchiefs on weekdays. And Maurice ate so much white bread, that hitherto mythical substance, that presently he began to yearn for black.

Spiritually Mr. Hindus found great contrasts too. American churches seemed bare without ikons, and he was astounded that farmers didn't lock their mail boxes or houses, and that you could eat apples off anybody's ground. Jim Hoyt, a wonderfully rendered character is such an employer as would have been inconceivable in the old Russia—even though he, like Maurice's father, was improvident. Jim Hoyt refused to sell his hops or cut his timber; Maurice's father died in debt. The whole Mount Brookville community is movingly described, right down to the dogs, bees, and cows.

After many years Mr. Hindus returns to Russia and his native village. This, I think, is almost the most interesting part of "Green Worlds," though it is brief. The author finds the vicinity of his former home transformed by the revolution and the five-year plan. The great collective farms made an "epochal change in the very lay of the land," and huge buildings were going up—well-lighted and spacious barns, housing not only cattle but tractors and machine tools. The new technique "had already sunk its gleaming steel into the soil." Mr. Hindus's old house was a fire station; the men and women were well-dressed; the children were going to a school—the first the village had ever seen. Mr. Hindus does not minimize the cruelty and terror that accompanied the revolution, but also he notes its material benefits.

Maurice Hindus

He has some pertinent but restrained criticisms for Americans who mistook Russia for the Elysian fields.

> They had quaffed so deep of the wines of fancy that their heads reeled with absurd expectations. . . . To me they were as pathetic in their hopes as they now are in their recantations. Formerly, whenever they saw blood they cried that it was a rosebush; now, whenever they see a rosebush they scream that it is blood.

Mr. Hindus himself has—and always had—a more balanced view. "Green Worlds" helps explain why. It is the most useful kind of autobiography, because it throws light on the author's other books. I never knew before what a sound technical equipment—practical knowledge of agriculture, and so on—went into the making of "Humanity Uprooted" and the other Hindus books on Russia.

John Gunther, for many years a foreign correspondent, is the author of "Inside Europe."

Mental Training

YOUR MIND AND HOW TO USE IT. By W. J. Ennever. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1938. $2.95.

LIKE most writers on mental training, Mr. Ennever, the founder of Pelmanism, inclines to a rubber evangelistic phraseology; but get behind the language (which may be necessary for the public at which he aims) and you will find nothing but solid sense. The skeptical may feel that you can't lift yourself by your mental bootstraps, that people who could use books of this type don't need them and those who need them couldn't get much out of them; but Mr. Ennever ought to appeal to plenty of readers in between those extremes. He makes no wild promises of success and happiness for everybody; he merely points out, incontrovertibly, that we should all be better off if we made full use of what brains we have, as few of us do now. To be sure, an effective drive of the will and intelligence usually has to be motivated by an emotion; the first thing to do, he says, is to make up your mind what you really want. Emotions cannot be cooked up to order; but even people who don't want anything badly enough to push themselves forward might be able, if they tried, to refrain from holding themselves back.

Mr. Ennever fortifies each chapter with a list of mental exercises, which the most self-confident reader might profitably try with advantage to his intellect if not to his self-esteem. Some of the chapters run too much to generalizations; but you must have a very high degree of mental efficiency indeed if you can get no benefit from his remarks on the training of the memory, the education of the emotions, and concentration. He makes just one slip—and that, perhaps, a calculated slip, to reassure readers that anybody can make mistakes; on page 148 a problem in detection is set, with the promise that the answer will be found at the end of the chapter. It isn't.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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Before a Bookshelf

IN the old days of spacious living, when even the city dweller had a house instead of a paltry few rooms in which to set up his lares and penates, books were no incumbrance. If they overflowed their proper domain, there was always an attic, or at worst a top floor bedroom, in which the waifs and strays of literature could come to shelter. No child of the brownstone age but can remember the delights of exploration in the giant walnut cases which housed these exiles or the hours spent dipping into the discarded volumes—best-sellers that had seen their day, fiery invectives against political figures who had long since ceased from office, underscored copies of works on economics or science, a narrative poem that had had its little moment of fame, travels, sensational then, commonplace now, a stray mystery story, or even, joy beyond compare, Sherlock Holmes, not quite respectable enough yet for the permanency of the shelves downstairs. We have neither attics nor "spare rooms" now, and at unwilling intervals must sacrifice to the rigid shelves some at least of the books we have acquired, or else have our libraries change not at all with our taste and the interest of the day.

But even in the limited libraries which are the best that most of us can achieve, what a panorama of social history as well as literary accomplishment unfolds. We stand before our shelves and glance at random at the titles they hold. Here is a set of Thackeray and near by Strachey's "Eminent Victorians" and Wingfield-Stratford's "Those Earnest Victorians," and between the first and the last two lies all the change that has come over manners and all the revolution against conventions and codes that has been fought out and reflected in the literature of the last twenty years. Only a generation and the wheel has swung almost full circle, and the Victorians who were so suddenly rocked on their pedestals by Strachey and so rudely deposed from them by the younger generation are again regaining stature. And here is a row of Magazines of Verse that Braithwaite edited in the years before and immediately after the war, when American poetry knew a vigorous recrudescence, and Amy Lowell, Edgar Lee Masters, Edwin Arlington Robinson, and a score of others were busy making their reputations. It was then that poetry came out of the clouds and made itself the handmaid of the commonplace, drawing on the sordid and the ugly in everyday life as well as on the beautiful for its stuff, and it was then that it struck out into bold experimentation and excited two continents by its departure from the conventional in meter and form. Now for the nonce it is quiescent, having fought its battle for the new and salvaged from the extremest of its adventures what was soundest in them. Not far from the poetry on the shelf is that forgotten classic, Harriet Martineau's "Society in America," written shortly before the Civil War and long since out of print, the comments of a woman of masculine force of mind and feminine intuition, and near by E. M. Delafield's "The Provincial Lady in America" and Jonathan Daniels's "A Southerner Discovers the South." English women are still coming to the United States and turning their impressions into books, and the South is still a section of the country with a problem to solve. Rubbing elbows with these books are "Main Street" and "Barren Ground" and "The Lady of the Aroostook," the last, one of a number of Howells volumes which has somehow wandered from its position on another shelf to take its place, by some inner attraction as it were, by the side of these later studies of American life. There is a display of spleen and hatred toward the restrictions that circumscribed American living in Sinclair Lewis's book that was absent from the gentler realism of Howells, but both of them looked at the national scene with eyes open to its shortcomings. On a shelf above Howells, queening it over all the novels in its vicinity, is a set of Jane Austen who, when Howells in an essay upon her remarked, "most of her admirers are her adorers," was only at the beginning of that stream of praise which has carried her today to a height of popularity unknown to her even among her contemporaries. Perhaps in all the literary history of the past two decades there has been no phenomenon more general than the apotheosis of Jane Austen.

Standing on a lower shelf, under the histories of America and England, France and the Netherlands, is Philip Gibbs's "From Bapaume to Passchendaele," one of a spate of volumes that poured out during and after the war on the conflict. Where now are the many similar chronicles that once kept it company in family libraries everywhere, before the débâcle of the Versailles treaty made the heroism registered in them seem tragically futile? This, we thought at the time, was history in the making of a better world. Time has made infinitely more sad than even at the moment of their writing these records of battle and the volumes of soldiers' letters —Alan Seeger's and Victor Chapman's and others' who died like them—for their very books have vanished with their sacrifice.

Further down on the shelves, is Lord Cromer's "Modern Egypt," published in 1908, an admirable book, that caught the interest of the American public before it had become international minded. The stout green volumes are crowded in between those on foreign lands that later days have brought forth in such numbers, Maurice Hindus's "Humanity Uprooted," John Gunther's "Inside Europe," Lin Yutang's "My Country and My People," and a dozen others. One has only to glance at the shelves of any library which has added to its volumes as the years went by to see how the American concern with the nations across the seas has grown, how its interest in them has passed from a superficial curiosity as to customs and peoples to a desire to understand the mind and temper of the nation, and how with the passing of American isolation from world affairs has come a great craving for information in regard to foreign aims and policies.

Nuzzling each other are "The Neighbor," by Nathanael Shaler, many years ago a beloved member of the Harvard faculty, and Hitler's "Mein Kampf," whose statements are being so startlingly carried out. It's a far cry since the first appeared in 1904, and the discussions of race, the problem of the Jew in relation to his neighbor, for instance, which the professor analyzed in so wise and temperate a manner have taken on an ugly and sinister aspect since then. It is disheartening, in looking over the shelves that contain these and other analyses of social problems, to discover how sadly the world has been betrayed in its hopes in these later years. For here, too, is a copy of Norman Angell's "The Great Illusion," in the edition in which it first appeared in 1913, written when its thesis of the economic futility of war had not yet been so disastrously proved right by events and when men still believed that the doctrine it set forth would keep the world from the catastrophe of battle.

Times change and tastes with them, the crisis of the moment becomes the milestone to another, the years automatically winnow the interest of books. But some there are, the great works of the great masters, that are timeless and uncurtailed in their power, and others that for the individual who collected them hold some precious essence of beauty or comfort or inspiration. But it is well to keep with them some others which though they may have less to offer yet serve as a touchstone to memory and as a measure of progress. They, too, have their uses, if only to furbish up the garret of the mind.

A. L.

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Letters to the Editor: *Some People Do Read in Hammocks*

Hammock Reading

SIR:—I had just hung up my Yucatan hammock between two pines. The tide was in, the cove full to the brim. Even then the water is twenty feet below me. A bluff gives a measure of privacy. The children swim beyond the point and I bask in the delicious isolation of woods, sea and rocks. But I can hear as much of the feminine conversation as I choose, do I choose.

I opened *The Saturday Review of Literature* when I got my pillow adjusted and turned to a page that informed me in fat, black letters "NOBODY READS IN HAMMOCKS." I laughed. You have no idea how unusual I felt, hanging up my rope-twisted hammock which people in Yucatan use as beds. They carry them around when traveling, and expect in a hotel room no more than two hooks on which to hang their beds. I felt even more unusual, not to say positively distinguished, when told by Mrs. Banning that nobody read in hammocks any more!

The article was charming and full of true, informative ideas. I wish to record five notable exceptions. Up here along the rocky shores of Prettymarsh harbor, five people, most every afternoon, read in five hammocks. Down the shore, the Philadelphia banker who brought these enchanting hammocks back from Central America, takes what he calls his daily Mexican exercise after lunch—in a Yucatan hammock. He reads, frankly, a lot of detective stories. Nearby, slung between two large pines directly on the shore, and affording an excellent view of Hodgdon's Cove, his wife reads "John Brown's Body" over again.

Half a mile above, a Philadelphia doctor lies in his hammock high above a cliff near his cabin, a blanket stretched beneath him. If he falls out he'll drop forty or fifty feet to the jagged rocks of the regular Mt. Desert shore. When his wife has a chance she really reads in the hammock—unless diverted by the loveliness of the harbor and the changing light on water and island. The doctor interrupts the reading of some novel provocatively reviewed by the *SRL*, with frequent recurrence to bird glasses that hang around his neck.

Around the point, a Philadelphia lawyer stretches out his bulk in another hammock, his head pillowed, his posterior insulated against occasional marauding musqueteers from the woods, by a gray army blanket. He has given up for a while work on the new Philadelphia Charter, and reads the "Art of Straight Thinking" and "Winter in April."

His wife, in a smaller concoction from Yucatan, woven of green and white cords, listens to water slapping at moored boats, and reads the *SRL*.

Nobody reads in hammocks? Nonsense! I can't let Mrs. Banning get away with such sweeping misinformation! She's right, of course, about the slapping of mosquitoes, of pillows slipping awry, and the orgy of mental relaxation that hammock reading instigates. She's right—except in the fact that we hammock nobodies fancy ourselves — just because we're in hammocks—as hammock somebodies!

MARY FANNING WICKHAM.

Mount Desert, Maine.

"I'm through collaborating! You never let me get in a paragraph edegways."

Glandular Therapy

SIR:—I have just read the review of my book "New Creations in Human Beings" by Homer W. Smith in your July 30th number.

It seems to me eminently unfair that a book devoted to the social significance of glandular therapy—what man can make of man chemically—prenatally, during childhood, adolescence, maturity as well as old age, should be headed "Fountain of Youth in a Box of Pills."

The review contains a number of statements which are wrong in fact or misleading in their implications. Clinical endocrinology is today a definitely recognized branch of internal medicine, using its own techniques of diagnosis and therapy. Its methods of treatment have produced objectively ascertainable and measurable results in the control of physique and stature, growth and development, vitality and energy, resistance to fatigue and disease, sexual and psychic maturation, and reversal of various processes of age degeneration.

What is positively known in the field, I have stated as such; what is probable, I have designated as probable; what is possible, I have included only among potentialities of the subject.

All the case histories I have cited in my book are typical of their class: that is, they could be duplicated by numbers of other similar ones, and they are necessarily the ones which have been stressed because they exemplify the positive achievements in the field to which the book is devoted. They illustrate accurate scientific diagnoses of endocrine disturbances and analyses of interglandular imbalances. As to the matter of adjustment of dosage in treatment, hundreds of case reports in the literature justify the methods used in calculating them, which are as objective as any employed in medical therapy.

A merely negative attitude in medicine as elsewhere in science has never advanced anybody or anything an iota. The history of glandular therapy begins with the use of thyroid in the successful treatment of cretinism and myxedema back in the early 1890s. Suppose the pioneers who ventured to use it had permitted themselves to be stopped by fears of "spontaneities, irregularities, and complexities of the problem"—where would thyroid therapy be today? Nowhere, because someone has to start somewhere in order to produce the chain of positive progress from one step to the next which ultimately results in the clarified and critically tested knowledge which represents the bulk of the endocrinology of today.

The proof of the pudding in medicine has always been in the eating; that is why I hope that my book will instigate action towards urgently needed social application of the present-day data of the glands of internal secretion.

LOUIS BERMAN.

New York City.

A Good Latin Word

SIR:—"A Former Latin Pupil" in your issue of August 27 seems to think that I do not know that *altius* is a good Latin word, the comparative of *alte*. I merely said that *excelsior* was correct, and I added a gibe (probably a silly attempt at irony) when I asked if *altius* was "Woolworth Latin" on the same (unjustifiable) principle as Dr. Gogarty refers to spoken Irish today as "Woolworth Irish." My contention is that *excelsior* cannot be dismissed as Dr. Gogarty's friend dismisses it by saying there is "no such word in Latin." As to its use in Longfellow's poem, I know the arguments against it, but think it can be justified as a symbolic adjective and not an adverb presupposing a verb of motion.

ERNEST BOYD.

New York City.

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James Gray's Novel of a Woman's Education

WINGS OF GREAT DESIRE. By James Gray. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

THIS thoughtful and carefully executed novel may be thought of as moving away from "Madame Bovary." That is to say, Emma Bovary was pictured as a woman at once strengthened and betrayed by romantic sensualism, and her sisters have been legion in recent American fiction. Faith Winchester, the heroine of "Wings of Great Desire" is, on the contrary, strengthened and betrayed by her romantic moralism. Born to a mother who combines sentimental unreality with petty selfishness, and enduring two sisters who are subject to Bovaryism, to the ruin of their own happiness, Faith reacts violently against the small deceits, the romantic hypocrisy, and the petty sentimentalism of the female portion of her family. The death of her father early removes the chief prop of her childhood, so that thereafter she is left isolated to make her own career. That career is traced in the novel through the death of her husband, the death of her son, and the marriage of her other children.

James Gray

The book has, then, as a theme the education by life of one of those middle-class women whom we vaguely call puritans. She is herself compelled to make compromises; she, too, is tempted to bring up her children as her mother had done; but unlike the elder generation she struggles against taking this easy and harmful way. She develops tolerance and sympathy without, however, ever yielding her own inward integrity to the force of circumstance; yet at the end, through the kindly deceit of her son and daughter, she is left protected in the illusion that the depression still wants her services as a writer.

The novel is, however, more than a fictional biography. In cutting a swath through the decades from the March day when Joel Winchester, back in 1872, prayed to be made worthy of the new child, to the winter morning in 1935 when the reader last sees Faith, happy and important in the illusory world which her children have arranged for her, Mr. Gray has tried to catch the flavor of successive epochs of Middle Western society. The novel might have been planned on either scenic or panoramic lines, to use Percy Lubbock's distinction. Mr. Gray has chosen the scenic method in order to throw all possible lights on his heroine. His analysis is careful and sound; and yet I feel that there is more liveliness in the secondary characters than there is in Faith herself.

Mr. Gray is a novelist of talent who has brought everything to the execution of "Wings of Great Desire" except genius. Some of the scenes are executed with great dash and vigor; others lack vividness. By giving a date at the head of each chapter he has tried to call attention to the flow of time in his fiction, but he has avoided the advanced methods of Dos Passos and others in conjuring up the background of society in given years. With some exceptions the settings of the various scenes remain indefinite — a weakness in a book which demands constant attention to the interplay of character and setting. This weakness is compensated by the faithfulness of the author to the minutiæ of speech and action.

In addition to the sincerity and faithfulness of the tale, I find "Wings of Great Desire" interesting as a portent. It may be that we are coming out of the epoch when cruelty, sadism, and violence served as the stock in trade of the realistic novel. Mr. Gray has shown that a human being may be made interesting without recourse to melodrama, without being an underdog, and without resorting to illegality. If the attention of fiction has been too constantly directed to a particular stratum of society, his latest book seems to show an interest in widening the scope of the novel, and bringing it back to his traditional function of taking in the whole scope of society.

Howard Mumford Jones is professor of English at Harvard. His latest book, "The Harp That Once," is a life of Thomas Moore.

Life Is an Insult

DEATH ON THE INSTALLMENT PLAN. By Louis-Ferdinand Céline. New York: Little, Brown & Co. 1938. $2.75.

CONSIDERING the extravagant violence of Céline's writing, we may take this title to be his most temperate definition of life. It is certainly a good definition of his books, for the two we have are installments in one furious affirmation of death. Four years ago he produced "Journey to the End of the Night," which began with its hero, Ferdinand, going to war in 1914. Now we are given Ferdinand's early years as a brat in the Paris slums, apprentice in a jewelry shop, student in an English school, through a series of capering, picaresque adventures that carry him into manhood. About him we see his parents, his pals, and a host of characters that stream through the pages, creatures of an amazing literary fecundity. But they are all of them dead, and Ferdinand above all. He is a fantastic shell of a human, a body without a spirit.

Cruel, insensitive, mad, with no control of either his thoughts or his functions, he can simulate life by moving with wild abandon, but the real spring in him that makes him move is the credo of his creator. Ferdinand is Céline's animated argument: Life is a ghastly insult, and living is an endless retching. This must read like an exaggeration, but every page of Ferdinand's adventures bears it out. The publishers would have us believe that the history of Ferdinand is something of an autobiography, but that can hardly be so. This Ferdinand, who is quite mad when he is not in some way befouling himself, would never write a book. He would drink the ink, spew it upon the publisher, and burn down the office.

Louis-Ferdinand Céline

Céline has already been compared with Rabelais, Swift, and Joyce, with little justice. Rabelais is full of lusty laughter; this book has no honest, living lust in it, and only a desperate snickering for laughter. Swift was a righteous moralist; he condemned what he hated because of the ideas he loved. Céline loves nothing except to say that everything is a rotten joke. Joyce's "Ulysses" is a model of shape and form, and Leopold Bloom a model of sanity. Céline's books have only the shape of a disordered dream. This may be his vision of life, but it is strange that he devotes to it a great deal of creative energy, a life force. That is the paradox he leaves with us, the spectacle of a fertile talent dedicated to the expression of negation.

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"Joseph in Egypt"

A Heterodox View of Mann's Novel

BY EDITH HAMILTON

Joseph and Potiphar's wife—from a painting by Decortone

ROMANTIC archeology is, of course, nothing new. It has been with us for many years. Our grandparents, as well as our parents and ourselves, were brought up on "Ivanhoe" and "Quentin Durward." But into this old method Thomas Mann has introduced a new fashion. He claims, and his admirers claim for him, that he has written "Joseph in Egypt" not as a twentieth century man trying to interpret Egypt of the eighteenth century B.C. in terms of his own and his readers' twentieth century pattern of thought, but as one who has been enabled by his profound learning and sympathetic understanding to make that faraway past become his own present, so that he has lived with the men who peopled it, looked at it with their eyes, understood the way they talked and thought.

This is new. Scott, and Cooper and the other Victorians who went back to the past for their settings, had no such idea. Indeed, if it had ever occurred to them, they would have rejected it. Scott's notion of the way to write novels about the past made him stay in his own nineteenth century pattern of thought with entire content. His object was to bring history to life, and to do that it had to be brought close to his readers. Anything incomprehensible in his characters would have made them remote and lessened their reality. Ivanhoe's exterior, in pilgrim's dress or knightly coat of mail, was romantically strange. but his interior was that of the model young Victorian gentleman. He presented no puzzles. All that he said and thought was immediately comprehensible.

The modern archeological romancers have gone along the same lines. Scott's way is still the popular way. Kristin Lavransdatter and Anthony Adverse and Scarlett O'Hara are delightfully different from us on the outside, but on the inside there is nothing alien. We are on familiar terms with Scarlett. We have all met her like. Miss Mitchell follows the accepted formula. Because we understood Scarlett so well, the time she lived in comes to life. She bridges the distance between us and the Civil War.

But with "Joseph in Egypt" Thomas Mann has done something different. In this book the part romance and archeology play do not follow the usual lines. The personages of the story are outside our experience; they think differently from us; their words sound strangely in our ears. The writer's remarkable powers of description are devoted to making the setting of his story come in vivid actuality before the reader; but in that setting, which he is at such pains to paint in realistic detail, he places people so strange and remote, they are like shadows dimly seen through the mist of the ages. Their surroundings seem real; they themselves do not. It is a complete reversal of the usual method. Scott and the others did their scenery with care and as accurately as they could, but the interest of their stories was plot and character drawing, as it has been since stories began. In "Joseph in Egypt" plot and action are unimportant to the point of being almost non-existent, and the real protagonist, the only entity that comes to life, is not Joseph nor any other character, but ancient Egypt, its visible exterior, as Thomas Mann has conceived it.

The descriptions take up more than half of the book. There are pages and pages of them, thirty, forty, unbroken, running on very slowly, weighted with a mass of meticulous detail, the exact size and shape, the particular colors and decorations, of this and that city or temple or house; the varied crowds in the streets, their clothes, the food they bargain for and eat as they saunter by, their manners, their jokes, the cries of the vendors, the great equipages, the priestly processions, the little bands of musicians and acting folk. The cumulative effect is great: one receives an impression of actual places and people seen by a most careful observer who also has notably the artist's eye.

It is this sense of actuality which holds the reader's attention. Without it not all Thomas Mann's gift for describing would make us persist through those many pages. We would not put up with a novel about today which ran to even half as many, no matter how skillfully it was written. What leads us on in "Joseph in Egypt" is our persuasion, our delighted wonder, that we are being shown by a man of great learning what that fabled land, Egypt of the Pyramids and the Pharaohs, was like. Essential to the success of "Joseph in Egypt" is the belief that it is a trustworthy guidebook.

Only an Egyptologist could criticize the author on this point. But it is legitimate for the rest of us who have read so many romantic reconstructions of Greece and Rome, where imagination easily supplied the gaps in knowledge, to beg Thomas Mann in the next edition to give us his authorities. A note for each detail would not be too much. Quite the contrary. It would be of deep interest to know how it was discovered that the city of Per-Sopd smelled so strongly of carnations as to affect visitors with pain; in what guide for Egyptian architects is found a list of the woods used in building a great house like Potiphar's; where are the sources for the account of On, city of gold, ancient when Thebes was building; who brought to light, and how, the odd and charming table manners practised by Pharaoh's nobles. Questions such as these are suggested by nearly every page. Let us have a scholar's edition of "Joseph in Egypt." For the first time since books began it would outrank in general interest the popular edition.

The account of the black magic Potiphar's wife makes use of to draw Joseph to her, shows, perhaps more clearly than any other passage, how fundamental to the success of the book is its authenticity. Those rites to "the gracious mistress bitch" which take place at dead of blackest night upon the house-top, are extremely interesting when considered as a veracious portrayal of ancient witchcraft, but from any other point of view they would be tiresome and silly almost past

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bearing. Of course Thomas Mann does not expect us to shudder. Of course he is only inviting us to share his antiquarian's zest. There could be no need to point out to him that his black magicians are nothing but Macbeth's witches, exaggerated and yet diminished by the piling on of horrific detail, nor that the witches are no longer tragic, only comic. Unquestionably he is aware that the magical doings on the house-top merit the attention he asks of us solely when they are read as a faithful record of primitive survivals in highly civilized ancient Egypt.

But the meditations and conversations which make up almost all of the book that is not description, cannot be read as faithful records of primitive survivals. They cannot be authentic accounts of the mental and spiritual development of that far-away world. A whole library of contemporaneous novels and dramas and essays would be needed to build a factual foundation for them. In spite of all we have of classical literature, how little, how very little, the student of ancient Greece and Rome knows about the way the everyday men and women upon whom those civilizations rested, looked at their everyday lives. They have been overwhelmed by the long lapse of time. Only a few greatest, thinkers, artists, poets, have escaped, and they very partially. We reconstruct Athens of the fifth century, B.C. as we would reconstruct nineteenth century America if we had no material except "Moby Dick" and "The Scarlet Letter," some poems of Whitman and Emily Dickinson, Emerson's essays, the Gettysburg address, William James's "Psychology," and a few speeches of William Jennings Bryan. There would be a great many very odd things in that reconstruction. The gaps would be filled up in a way that would surprise our parents and grandparents.

But "Joseph in Egypt" goes farther back than fifth-century Athens by more than a thousand years.

The way the characters talk and think has nothing to do with the author's learning, but only with his imagination. Their exteriors he constructs as realistically as he does his buildings, with the single exception of Joseph himself, but then he is represented as perfectly beautiful and it is practically impossible to individualize perfection. Joseph is the embodiment of youth and beauty and we have to let him go at that. But Potiphar and his wife and his parents and his old steward are carefully executed portraits. It is only when they open their mouths that their individuality disappears, along with their reality. What they say follows a fashion so stereotyped, and yet so strange, that one is driven to the conclusion that the author does not wish us to feel them living people, but archeological discoveries.

When Sophocles's Antigone, on her way to bury her dead brother at the price of her own life, says that she would not do so if it were her husband or son, because she could get another husband and bear another son, but, as her parents are dead, she can never have another brother, the speech reveals an old pattern of thought which is truly archeological. It is the way the Greeks actually felt on this point, but a way which long ago was discarded. Our realism is of another pattern. The tragedy itself, however, has lived, as all we have of Greek tragedy has lived, not because of such archeological bits, but in spite of them. Those words of Antigone harm the play. They date her. As she speaks them she stands in a far-away past we do not understand, and suddenly she grows remote and unreal.

All of the characters in "Joseph in Egypt" produce this effect all of the time. Their ways are not our ways nor their thoughts our thoughts. The court ladies who at a grand party are so thrown off their base by the appearance of the beautiful Joseph that "they cut themselves, one and all, frightfully" with their fruit knives—"a fearful sight. Their little hands drenched with the red liquid"—are not like any court ladies we have ever known or read about. When Potiphar's wife tries to win over Joseph by describing in great detail the exceedingly unpleasant things he will be subjected to if he continues to reject her, notably what it will be like to be slowly crunched by a slithering crocodile, this method of love-making does not help us to see her as real. When Joseph does not let his father know that he is alive because "Jacob held him for dead, and since he did so irrevocably, then was Joseph dead," the notion of cause and effect is not our notion. Indeed we cannot help hoping it was not the ancient Egyptians' notion either. It would have made life so exceedingly difficult for them.

As for the conversations in the book, it is impossible to give any idea of their queerness except by quotation. Any one in the book will serve for all the rest because they are all alike, no matter what the subject or who the speaker. Everybody, trader, baker, great lady, court official, talks in the same peculiar way, stamped by the same very strongly marked style.

Early in the story, when Joseph's master is explaining to him the religious customs of Egypt, in especial the union of a maiden with a ram, he tells him, "Certainly nothing is more holy than the union of god, man, and beast in the sacrifice. Reckon to and fro between these three and they are resolved therein. For in the sacrifice are all three and each represents the other. And therefore Amun moves as sacrificial ram in the darkness of the furthermost chamber."

Joseph compliments his master on this luminous statement—"like sparkles of light"—and then continues:

> I am dazed, and as thou sittest before me on thy mat, it is to me as though it were the head of a green frog that thou wearest, and as though thou squattest there wise and wide and comfortable, like a toad.

"Why," his master asks, perhaps not unnaturally, "wilt thou and wouldst thou see a toad in me?"

Joseph is skillful to avoid all offense. "Just like a squatting toad thou seemest to me under the stars," he insists, but the reason is that "Thou wast Heqet, the great midwife, when the well bore me, and thou didst lift me from my mother."

This seems a completely satisfactory explanation to the old man, but it shows him that more information is needed. "Ah, chatterer!" he says. "That was no great nurse that helped thee to the light. Heqet, the she-frog, is called great because she was by at the second birth and resurrection of the mangled one, when the lower world fell to him, but to Hor the upper, according to the belief of the children of Egypt, and Osiris became the First of the West, king and judge of the dead."

Joseph is extremely pleased by these words. "I like that," he says. "So then if one is going toward the west, one must at least become the first of those there. But instruct me, my lord: Is then Osiris, the sacrifice, so great in the eyes of Kemt that Heqet became a great frog because she was midwife at his rebirth?" "He is great entirely."

The interest of this talk, obviously, does not arise from the ideas or the subjects discussed, nor from any light thrown upon the characters. When the belief that Joseph and his companions really talked like this is dismissed as having no basis, the only possible interest lies in the queerness.

At Potiphar's and Joseph's first meeting, after a long invocation on Joseph's part in which he likens Potiphar to Re and Thoth and other—gods, presumably? Potiphar asks him if he likes his work of gardening, a question which gives Joseph an opportunity to embark joyously on a detailed account of great gardeners in the past, whose most noteworthy characteristic, it appears, is their extraordinary names, Ishullanu, Sharuk-Inu, Ellil-bani, and so on. These all "practised the work of the hoe which exceedeth in beauty that of the plough as well as many others if not the most."

From this literary and historical discourse he passes easily—the conversational stamina of all the characters shows a truly primitive prowess—to another on sex—

> the tree of life with power to produce all living things. Shall one call that all-creating power male or female? We cannot tell, for the power is of both kinds and the tree of life must have been two-sexed, as Kheper is, the sun-beetle, who conceives himself. Lo, the whole world is divided in twain. . . . But the bottom of the world and the tree of life are neither male nor female, rather both in one.

At this point the reader is relieved by Joseph's pausing to ask himself, "And

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what does that mean?" But the answer hardly helps.

> It means that they are neither. Virgin are they, like the bearded goddess, and are father and mother at once to the thing they beget, for that they are above sex and their power of giving has naught to do with being torn in twain.

These two are typical examples. All the other conversations are like them no matter what the situation. When Joseph is rejecting the advances of Potiphar's wife he gets off the same sort of vaguely allegorical, semi-philosophical, pseudo-archeological, discourse.

No excerpt, however, can do justice to the effect of the unhurried, even flow of words upon words, about nothing in particular and therefore with no reason in themselves for ever coming to an end. When Potiphar's wife asks her husband to send Joseph away, it takes twenty-nine pages for her to get to the point, and another eight for him to refuse her request.

As in the case of the long descriptions, the effect is cumulative. A kind of spell of strangeness and remoteness descends upon the mind. The prolonged queerness, buttressed, too, by an eminent author's name, almost persuades us that we are learning how men talked four thousand years ago. It seems that it must have been like that because it is so unlike everything else.

Records of the past or books about the past live for two reasons, because they add to our sum of information or to our understanding of human nature and human experience, which are the same through the ages. From any attempt to enter the timeless world of letters Thomas Mann has, apparently, of set purpose, turned away with "Joseph in Egypt." It would seem that he wishes his readers to say, not, How true that is, but, How strange that is. He holds out the lure of the strange, very powerful today, as many a writer has found who wandered off to the never-never land. No other writer has used it more powerfully, nor has any set it off more skillfully by contrasting it with realistic detail.

Thomas Mann is perhaps the most eminent novelist of today. He has had the experience of great suffering. He has much to offer to this suffering world. In "Joseph in Egypt" he has chosen to do no more than lead us into an archeological dream.

Edith Hamilton is the author of "The Greek Way," "The Roman Way," and "The Prophets of Israel," studies in classical life and literature; her translations of three Greek plays were recently published.

Life in the Coal Pits

BIDDEN TO THE FEAST. By Jack Jones. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM SLOANE

THE reader who opens this novel to find that it is laid in a Welsh mining town some seventy years ago, and that the characters are coal-miners, ironworkers, their wives, and families may be tempted to go no further. Particularly after coming upon the Welsh turns of speech which make some of the sentences read, at first glance, like Choctaw. Here, he may erroneously suppose, is another of those novels about industrial exploitation, full of local color, Marxism and a burning sense of injustice.

Jack Jones

Once past the opening pages, "Bidden to the Feast" turns out to be quite a different sort of performance. It is a genuine novel of character, full of a strong life which shoulders its way through every scene. Social protest is not its purpose—the reader soon learns that the people of Merthyr are able to protest on their own hook without any special pleading from the author. Almost at the very start they are winning a struggle for Parliamentary representation, and here as throughout Mr. Jones lets them speak for themselves and without soap-boxes.

What men and women these Welsh laborers were! The boys go down to the coal pits when they are eight. The "gels" work in the brickyard. Their fathers work seventeen-hour shifts on two successive days and then charter a special coach loaded with beer for a railway excursion to Manchester—never to see the sights because they are too busy drinking and singing and sleeping. The women are superbly described, waiting long hours at the single tap for water that the company doles out to them at the rate of one hour in the twenty-four.

Above all, these were devout people, going by the thousands on Sundays to their chapels, never forgetting the life to come and putting what they felt about that life and this into the singing of their hymns and songs. No people have ever sung as did the Welsh, and you can hear their voices in Mr. Jones's pages. When he describes "Land of My Fathers," the great song written by two weavers of Pontypridd, there is no mistaking his writing for mere local color.

The sense of triumphant fortitude that underlies the whole book comes out most strongly in the character of Megan Davies. Narrow and ignorant though she is, there is no escaping the warmth and courage of her nature. She is human from her first appearance as a brickyard gel to the very end.

It is only after you finish this grand novel that you realize the people of Merthyr are much the same as those of the Nottinghamshire coal and iron towns that are the background of much of "Sons and Lovers." Megan and Miriam could be sisters. And yet, where D. H. Lawrence saw only himself, Jack Jones has been looking at other people. The difference is immense.

Deserted Village

HERE I STAY. By Elizabeth Coatsworth. New York: Coward-McCann. 1938. $2.

CHARMING in its quiet simplicity and careful observation, and yet dramatic with all the drama of the early nineteenth century, when our frontier was still only a few hundred miles away, this short novel by Elizabeth Coatsworth is delightful reading. It is the story of young Margaret Winslow who, when her neighbors in a small Maine settlement took the Ohio fever and went to the Northwest, remained alone in the deserted village. Excited to an almost religious fervor by the stories of soil "blacker'n gunpowder," the villagers had abandoned the fields which they had only just conquered, and the meeting-house, which had not even been finished. But Margaret had loved her father, who had only recently died; and he had loved his land. A scholar and a Tory, he had attacked the wilderness in the spirit of Virgil, but he had had the skill to succeed. Inheriting his pride and his courage, Margaret could not forsake what he had begun.

And stay she did, alone with her animals. Miss Coatsworth admirably conveys the sense of her solitude and her contentment, and of all the activities and events which crowd a life which the unobservant might think monotonous. She has enriched the story with a great deal of lively and fresh background material. She shows us the vendue, at which the village sold off to the highest bidder such goods as it could not take along and to the lowest bidder the care of such relatives as could not stand the journey.

Although she is not nearly as individual and amusing as some of the minor characters, Margaret is an excellent central character. Since she is educated and city-reared, the reader can identify himself with her, and thus constantly realize how great and unaccustomed were the odds against her, and how valiant her struggle. And, again because she was not born to the wilderness, we see the "northern cold, tender earth" through her eyes, still with the fresh delight of one penetrating into a world really new, full of birds and flowers and trees to which no white man has yet given a name.

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Bloodhound into Bridegroom

COMBINED EDITION OF THE WORKS OF DOROTHY SAYERS: DOCUMENTS IN THE CASE AND CLOUDS OF WITNESS. MURDER MUST ADVERTISE AND HANGMAN'S HOLIDAY. DAWSON PEDIGREE AND LORD PETER VIEWS THE BODY. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1938. 3 vols. $2 each.

Reviewed by KATHARINE SIMONDS

IT was nearly twenty years ago that Dorothy L. Sayers first met the man who was destined to prove her undoing. She had then just begun her brilliant career as a detective story writer, and he was merely an amateur detective in one of her short stories. Soon her feeling for him outran the short story, demanding a full-length novel; and here she saw that he was likely to be dangerous to her peace of mind. In self-defense, she invented another amateur detective, Mr. Montague Egg, a smart liquor salesman in a trilby. But Montague Egg was born in vain; as she came to know Lord Peter Wimsey better, she saw the Scarlet Pimpernel beneath his mask of "chattering icicle in an eyeglass." Every other hero seemed insignificant to her. She scrapped Montague, his trilby, and his Salesman's Handbook, and took up once for all Peter Wimsey, his top hat, and his Donne, Shakespeare, and Beddoes.

In the light of her later work, these two omnibus volumes of her early writings, now just re-issued, come as a melancholy surprise, for they make clear how steady has been her progress down the primrose path to Wimsey's primrose pajamas. At first, we see Lord Peter as only an ingenious, erudite, and elegant sleuth. But by 1927, when she wrote "Clouds of Witness," he was beginning to obsess her. Though his conversation stemmed from P. G. Wodehouse, she now recognized Peter as a "respectable scholar in five or six languages, a musician of some skill and more understanding; something of an expert in toxicology, a collector of rare editions, an entertaining man-about-town, and a common sensationalist."

The first hint of his capacity to be aroused and therefore to arouse appeared here, too, when, at the sight of a beautiful farm woman, "sixteen generations of feudal privilege stirred uneasily in Wimsey's blood." Yet the story was still the main thing.

In the following year, when "The Dawson Pedigree" came out, Peter was acknowledged as a practised lover, and when the murderess repulsed his advances (tentative and purely for business purposes) it was clear evidence that she was no normal woman. Here, too, for the first time, we encounter Wimsey's nerves, and surprise him in anguish.

Thus the reader and Miss Sayers were at that moment more excited by Wimsey's emotions than by the plot. Just around the corner was Miss Sayers's surrender, symbolized by Peter's affair with Harriet Vane, the intelligent and passionate bluestocking and detective story writer with whom every woman—and certainly Miss Sayers—must identify herself.

Since she wrote these books, Miss Sayers has fallen more and more in love with Wimsey. Besides the talents she originally credited him with, she soon found him to have countless others: he took First Class Honours in History, he is a cricketer of legend; he has the best palate in Europe; as cracksman, card sharper, bell ringer, sonneteer, horseman, or driver of cars, he makes the expert marvel. Like his accomplishments, his breeding is unmatched save by Zuleika Dobson's Duke of Dorset. But also—and this is the titillation—he is the Duke of Dorset sicklied o'er with Donne—he is the pattern of twentieth century passion, which cannot be satisfactorily physical until it is intellectualized.

Dorothy Sayers

His first faith in women destroyed, he had become a famous lover, of the sort that French alone can explain: "Ce blond cadet de famille ducale anglaise tenait son lit en Grand Monarque et s'y demenait en Grand Turc."

But for the Englishman, let us always remember that even when he plays Casanova, chastity begins at Dover; and when Harriet at last marries Peter, he assures her that in spite of many venial transgressions, she is his first Englishwoman.

And so Miss Sayers's passion for Peter ripened, and, with this ripening, Peter gained in charm and complexity. He shook off Bertie Wooster, who for a time had seemed his model; he even shook off Sherlock. For, as story has followed story, the bloodhound has been metamorphosed into the bridegroom; and the climax of this sentimental journey was "Busman's Honeymoon," frankly announced as "a love story with detective interruptions." In this most recent of her books, Miss Sayers reminded us that the English have always bred a satisfactory substitute for the Tall Dark Stranger of Latin origin; and that, even for Titian, the Young Englishman was as romantic a figure as the Jeune Homme au Gant.

Convinced, like the rest of his race, that he is the most icy and self-contained of human beings, Lord Peter feels himself therefore licensed to be the most demonstrative and sentimental. Although his monocle is as forbidding as that of the late Sir Austen Chamberlain, we leave Peter at the end of "Busman's Honeymoon," weeping at his wife's knees, thus recalling still another monument of British phlegm, Sir Samuel Hoare, who three years ago wept publicly on the broad bosom of the Mother of Parliaments, while emotional Latin and primitive Ethiopian looked on wide-eyed.

Like his tears, Wimsey's utterances are immortal in their mawkishness, which no woman worthy the name could ever resist. Take for instance his outcry:

> "Can't you understand that this damned trick of fate has robbed me of the common man's right to be serious about his own passions?

Does that not take its place instantly with all those other deathless fantasies which dull life declines to imitate, such as the Sheik's murmur, "Must I be valet as well as lover?" or Rhett Butler's ultimate revelation:

> I loved you so, Scarlett. If you had only let me, I could have loved you as gently and tenderly as ever a man loved a woman . . .

It is at any rate plain that Miss Sayers has not let her own inauspicious meeting with Peter rob her of the common woman's right to take Peter's passions seriously. Her devotion to him survived the wooing and the honeymoon, and did not flag when the first baby appeared in *Harper's Bazaar* recently. But even a woman must feel that it is now time that Peter got back to work on a full-time basis; the question which convulses all Wimseyists is, Can Miss Sayers make a bloodhound again out of the Benedick? Can she get him out of those primrose silk pajamas, that mauve dressing gown? Can she give him back some of the dignity of his original dead pan, now lost in the Peter Pan? In short, can she abandon what she herself admits to be "saccharine" in "Busman's Honeymoon," and return to the vigor, the action, and the objectivity of her earlier manner?

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Visiting Firemen

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

1. Main Line

A SLIP of yellow paper is handed up. Mr. Lambert, the engineer, tucks it neatly behind the speedometer. It says: *No. 29, 12 cars, 825.5 tons, 75 lbs. steam:* and is signed R. G. Cunningham. Mr. Cunningham is the conductor. Number 29 is the Broadway Limited, making her first westbound run on the new schedule (16 hours to Chicago) and with the new streamlined equipment. The steam pressure is only auxiliary, for this is an electric engine, the GG-1 type, rated at 4,620 horses.

Parenthesis:—

You'll forgive us (us is Buckminster Fuller and me) if we don't make a completely scientific report. I am so uncertain in mind that I have to pause to remember whether the world turns from east to west or the other way. (In my own concerns it turns from inside outward.) Even so I can see that in this here now streamlining, as publicized, there's a trace of hooey. The traffic industries have fallen upon a scientific axiom and swung it in ink. True, the engine has put on a mask, the cars wear skirts and are integrated, and the lounge has gone in for "creative styling" in the prevailing nightclub mode. Fullfashioned streamlining will go a lot further than that. Our fairly timid adaptations haven't yet made radical differences in dynamics. But they are a sign of vitality. The scientist may chuckle at the humorous falseface put on some of the new locomotives. Yet the first step in believing a thing is to pretend you believe it. Lifting the face also lifts the chin; and the railroads' chins have been rather low.

Also you wouldn't believe, unless you know something of the grievous allergies of the publicity profession, how wary a public utility has to be. Does the railroad man dare advertise that there's a café car gaily devoted to Dionysus? No, he says demurely that there's "a lounge which by its atmosphere and appointments will proclaim its purpose." He is too cautious even to identify the style of decoration adopted lest some rival school be annoyed. Of his murals he says discreetly that they are "superior art subjects." He can safely expatiate on the 6 foot 5 berths or the mineral-felt insulation between the shells of the cars; where the pampered customer rides like the pearl in a giant clam. So does the Sad Horn Blower (Sherwood Anderson's great phrase) coax on the timid public, always alarmed by anything fundamentally new. Alexander Pope, immortal spokesman for all quick thinkers, laid down the rules of the public relations counsel over 200 years ago—

> Be not the first by whom the new is tried
> Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

My companion Fuller, who is an engineer, inventor, industrial designer, a very botanist of structure and materials, could give us the rationalized significance of this adventure. He is a student of Trend; he would explain that for the moment he and I were riding the Northwest Spiral, which is the most persistent and subconscious of all historic human drives. He would point out that large-scale continuous railroad crossing of the U. S., which began in the 70's, was not possible until automatic coupling, shield tunnelling, dynamite, the air brake and the two-way telegraph message had all been perfected. And in the same way perhaps a new era began when the all-welded low alloy steel equipment and the tentative streamline shape were put in Coast to Coast service. That was June 15, 1938, the day we're talking about. Any railroad man would point out also that some twelve hours could be cut from New York to California schedules if every passenger didn't have to detrain and spend so much time in Chicago. But that suits me perfectly.

Richard T. Dooner

"Pope's Grotto"

So this is not a technical report. I'm acting as proxy for the casual passenger. Acting as proxy too for my own boyhood. I was a Main Line boy; which means I spent my early days along the four-track way west of Philadelphia. Among earliest memories, back in the 90's, is begging my mother to take me down to Haverford station to watch the trains go through. Then she had to draw pictures of them for me. Though not much interested, she watched with care to be able to suggest them on paper. She felt this important because they were so different from the English trains she had known as a girl. She drew them much more as they look today than as they did then. Once I couldn't wait to get home and she sketched one in a snowdrift with the point of her umbrella. I can still visualize those pictures: her finely trained violinist's hand gave them a smooth flowing glissando. I dare say some engineer, or maybe old A. J. Cassatt, then president of the P.R.R., who lived nearby, saw us drawing in the snow and picked up the streamline principle. So it was pleasant that this journey began when Fuller and I met two officials at Penn Station under the statue of Mr. Cassatt. He stands above the stairway wearing in bronze the hard kelly of the big executive. "We'll meet," I said over the phone, "at the Man in the Iron Hat—Under the statue of Mr. Cassatt." Penn Station is Cassatt's monument. It was he who had the idea of bringing his railroad into Manhattan by tunnel under the river instead of on a gigantic bridge. It was the London undergrounds, studied on a holiday trip, that put it into his mind. The surest test of a good mind is, Does it get ideas while on vacation?

End of parenthesis.

We are in electric engine 4859. We have signed the usual release acquitting the railroad for any responsibility for anything that happens to us while on "Tracks, trains, facilities." Behind us are twelve new cars in the traditional keystone maroon ruled with gold. Somewhere back by the observation car, with Singing Redcaps and a speech by Al Smith, the train is being given a national hookup. We are far too keen to pay any attention to mere sociability. What has Al to do with the Pennsy? In spite of one valiant effort, most of his riding has been done on the other road. But I am a Main Line boy, and I'm going to ride the cab.

Here is the new schedule written boldly on a framed sheet and laid in front of the engineer. It's the menu card of the time and space we are to eat. More abstruse,

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if we have a chance for study, are the inspection certificates. 4859 has had the same routine check-up for this trip that she has for any other. Drawbars and pins, articulated connection pins, brakes and signals, running gear, fuel storage and supply: against these the inspector has written *All Good*. Also insulation tests, current collectors, control equipment, lightning arresters, motors, *All Good*. I was thinking, suppose the passenger had to be tested before being allowed on this train. It would be only fair, wouldn't it? Why should someone with imperfect brakes and signals be allowed in such a caravan of honorable precision? That unknown lady who rolled into the aisle in the café lounge (on the return journey from Chicago), surely she had come aboard without having her articulation pins and lightning arresters properly checked.

But we get the chirp from behind and imperceptibly we're off. Gliding gently into the tunnel, picking up speed with a soft rumble, it's hard to realize the drama of the moment. At the same instant the Twentieth Century is pulling out of Grand Central, two ancient rivals making a simultaneous fresh start. Our headlight throws a wide clean fan of light along the dark tube. The mind gropes upward, imagines the overhanging layercake of rocks, sludge, silt and ooze; and over that the olive-colored Hudson in salty push and pull, and the dark bottoms of everything from the Moran tugs to the *Queen Mary*. A bright keyhole-shaped swath of light shows ahead where a ventilator marks the Jersey side. Then we are out on the green meadows. As we round the long curve toward Newark we look back and see the sleek stream of our close-knit cars snaking behind. It looks quite a load, but Lambert says proudly "there's no restriction on this engine up to 1400 tons." He means, she can pull a train of 20 cars at 90 mph if required.

Already, as we come into Newark, we begin to see what this run means. Everything with a whistle ties it down and gives voice; loudest is a sturdy wrecking-train on a siding. That, most of all, has good reason to salute for luck. At Newark Mr. Hipkins, road foreman of engines on this division, who is riding with us to supervise everything, takes the controls. He and Lambert, in the usual way, check each other on every signal. "Clear," "clear," you hear them repeating. Lambert, now relieved of the throttle, stands behind the driving seat and lights a large briar. "When did you have that pipe in the shops?" asks Hipkins as he gets a whiff. I think it was mine the foreman smelled; Lambert's looked to me pretty clean.

But there's not much conversation. This is tense work. Lambert warns us away from the little door marked *1400 Volts*. "That's a death chamber" he says. The men in the cab, even when they talk, speak sideways. Eyes front is the trained instinct. Each verifies what he sees by what the other reports, and also watches the automatic annunciator which shows what is the signal on that block. It lights four diagrams: Clear (or High Ball, viz. three lights in vertical), Approach, Restricted Approach, and Slow. It was astonishing, so apparently effortless are the big electrics, to see the speedometer climb. There is the clack-clack of the circuit breaker as she builds up her voltage in relays. Almost at once we are well over 70 m.p.h. and bowl a comfortable 78 until we slow to 50 for the curve at Elizabeth.

All along the line are people watching. Every fence is fringed with youngsters; every bridge or crossing has cars parked. Mail and passengers handled at Newark have cost us something over a minute's delay. After the curve at Elizabeth we are two minutes behind theory. (Remember, we're checking this new schedule in its first actual practise.) The fireman, who comes in now and then from his own cab behind (on a great gust of heat as he opens the door), is a little grieved about this. Not unnatural, for his name is Chronister which surely means a stickler for time. "We'll get it back," says Hipkins. "Now we can let her out," says Lambert. We do; we go past the crowd at Rahway at 78. B. F. and I, sharing the off side of the cab, have only to lift a hand and get an ecstatic wave from all the watchers; though it's the new cars rather than the engine on which their eyes are fixed. The electrics are already familiar.

It's grand to see her lie down to it on curves. At first the visitor is a little doubtful. Then you see how 4859's big smooth snout settles itself into the tilt of the bend like a huge seal plunging a slope of sea. Menlo Park and Metuchen go by at the same flicker, between 78 and 79. At Metuchen we've caught up a minute. After that I see the needle slide gently to 80 and stay there. Hip has the feel of her now. He looks happy. I shout into his ear some fatuous tribute to his black and gold mammal of lightning. "The sweetest thing on wheels that pulls trains," he says; "I've run 'em all." He and Lambert study their watches. (No railroad man ever trusts any but his own. Lambert always sends his, an Illinois, to the factory at Lancaster to be cleaned. "When she's clean, she don't vary two seconds in six months.") Their conclusion is that we still have 30 seconds to overhaul. I notice the speedometer ease up to 81 and then 82, and we are riding smooth as cream.

I bent shamefully over my notebook to jot that we were putting all our ergs in one basket; just as I raised my head again the first thing my eye caught was a sidetrack bending sharply away under her blunt muzzle. For the fraction of horrified thought I supposed it our own course and wondered how she could possibly take such a twist at that speed. The important thing about thoughts is not whether they prove silly afterward, but whether we actually think them. It is good to be resensitized to the long chains of human accuracies and verifications that make such going possible. Two strips of rail look very meagre when 800 tons spin them at 80 miles an hour. (In the lounge car is a kind of Pope's Grotto without windows, so that passengers who wish to concentrate on refreshment won't be distracted or dizzied by the flash-back of the landscape).

"Right on the ball" said Hip to his watch as we took Trenton; the long station so crowded with spectators that policemen were holding them back along the platforms. As B. F. said, it was like sportsmen who throng the water hazard at the Grand National to see the racehorses take the jump. The crew themselves were startled at the way the Broadway's public turned out to salute her. Up the Hudson the same thing was happening. All spectators seemed to find some cheering symbolism in two famous trains setting out, simultaneously and with gauges high, to hunt for new records and new business.

Nor could B. and I refrain from finding it also a private symbol; a sort of dedication for his book, about to be published, which deals with new ventures in human planning and for which I coin the word *protuitive*, forward-gazing. He himself, taking hints from birds and fish, had been one of the earliest actual demonstrators of streamline dynamics as applied to vehicles. When we reached North Philly—one minute ahead of the menu—there was a messenger from his publisher who handed up a set of proofs to be corrected in Chicago. So we christened the new Broadway not with champagne but with something just as effervescent, thinking about futurity. Everything we saw seemed in line with the opening sentence of his book:

"On the premise that the sum-total of human desire to survive is dominant over the sum-total of the impulse to destroy, this book is designed."

At a time when about half the world seems mainly concerned to destroy, that was worth meditation.

North Philadelphia again delayed us with a lot of mail to shift. Was it, I wonder, all that special-cachet stuff for stamp collectors? We found ourselves about 3 minutes tardy in the get-away. Now we were on the sacred old Main Line itself; and you'll never guess how many curves it has until you travel it in a hurry. The familiar suburbs ticked by at 45 second intervals; even Baileys Bankses and Biddles and old cricket club families were not too proud to delay dinner for the steeplechase of steam (4620 horses at once). Wynnewood, Ardmore, Haverford, Bryn Mawr, St. Davids, Wayne . . . it's up-grade but we took it at 78 and B. and I satisfied a private sentimentalism by

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throwing out at Haverford a tightly wadded broadside about his book. But I doubt if it ever reached anyone, for a mile further we could still see it chasing its sponsor in the roaring suction. We should have remembered poetry's most perfect statement of the streamline theory, in Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner:* "The air is cut away before and closes in behind."

Mr. Lambert wasn't getting much chance to drive his own train. Hip left us at North Philly (he was off to Washington to drive the President's train north to a wedding) but Mr. Baum, another super-engineer, took us to Paoli. "Give it to her!" he muttered to himself as he fisted the handle; and he did. At Paoli (where we were one minute behind) Mr. Sheckler, road foreman of the Philly division, took charge. "Have you got the new schedule?" asked Lambert. "I've got it right in here," said Sheckler, tapping his forehead.

There didn't seem anything to worry about: a clear spin of 83 miles to Harrisburg and some 78 minutes to do it. In that lovely valley-land of Lancaster County we rolled toward sunset at an even 75, 76, 77. This, its lovers never forget, is the region that has such names as Green Tree and Bird in Hand. It never looked kinder than in that June sunfall. At Downingtown a sentimental old freight-engine on a siding blew away a week's earnings in hysterics of steam; like some good-natured trollop emerita cheering the newest platinum hussy.

The rails ahead pick up the sunset glow as we bend Northwest beyond Parkesburg. We seem to be roaring along two ribbons of pink light which flee wildly before us. Somewhere near Christiana there's a big barn the trainmen point out; we swing round it on a wide curve (Sheckler ratchets down the lever several clicks; how comfortably she rumps back into the breeching when slowed) and see one after another all four sides of the barn. In the little town of Gap are rose hedges and shaved lawn, people strolling in after-supper ease to watch us, and a boy sitting on a lumber pile with a face of perfect scrutiny. I hope he had freckles. I remember also a little girl, one of a group on a honeysuckle embankment. She is holding her hands to her cheeks, ready to clap them on her ears if we frighten her.

Sometimes Sheckler leans out and looks back; to see, I suppose, if all the train is still there. He seems to like the feel of her. "She rides very clean," he says. I think there was bravura in the long howl he gave Lancaster as we went through, for we had exactly wiped out our delay. And Lancaster takes Time seriously, as I remember from a visit to the watch factory.

I don't know whether they had thought out all those pictorial effects. Somewhere up that way a tractor was spraying young corn and potatoes, and a wide swath of white vapor hung far over the fields, tinged with the last juice of the day. The Susquehanna was catching scales of twilight as we came to it. We were nearly five minutes ahead as we neared Harrisburg, but they slowed us in the yards and we came to a stop four minutes to the good. Three hours exactly from Penn Station, 195 miles.

I don't know any better feeling than when B. and I found our way to Rooms B and C in car *Allegheny County.* Even the initials were accurate, and the porter had folded back the partition so we had everything amusingly in double and sat down in wide space to contemplate our buff cocker upholstery, green and silver trim and violet night lights. Arthur Roe, the steward, came along and asked what we wanted to eat. We had feared, in our humility, we might be too late to dine. But before eating, we said . . . and our private toast was, The Main Line—inheritor, by the way, of the old Conestoga Wagons. Together with all the nifty names of the new cars, wouldn't *Conestoga Wagon* be a pleasant christening for one of those vehicles de luxe?

Thinking back, one of the most interesting things on the electrified run is the spider-web patterns made by the overhead power lines, with their Euclidean figures like a running textbook of geometry. Particularly where they slope on a curve and the struts and transverses make such beautiful angles of stress. Though we were thinking ourselves important in the engine, and beautiful in the cars, it is those cobweb filaments overhead that really do the work. And somebody had to have a mind as precise and tensile as a cobweb to think it all out beforehand.

Later it was good to lie reversed on the thwartship berth, with head to window, looking out on moonlight. Perhaps consciousness had been stepped up too high by all the assorted volts playing round the cab; at any rate I was not sleepy. Yet B. says he heard me snoring while he was reading proof. If so how would I have so net an impression of the yards at Pittsburgh? a mixed pale haze of smoke and moon, and lighted cars on a siding where the backs of scrubwomen were bent. There were great bulks of buildings dimly seen, ground lamps of switches, and a little slum church with a cross of green light burning through the night. Green chosen, I guess, as a color full of meaning to railroad eyes.

As we were at breakfast coffee the Century suddenly appeared on a parallel track, slowly overtaking us. The big gray masked loco, with disk wheels and a touch of Troilus in her classic helmet-shaped forehead, was tossing a proud panache of steam. She drew ahead and we admired her handsome shape. But there was showmanship, for toward Englewood we caught and passed her so both factions were pleased. We left Englewood before she did; and through a salvo from every whistle in the yards we came to Chicago four minutes better than our promise.

[*Concluded next week*]

The Amen Corner

"LONDON! thou comprehensive word,
What joys thy streets and squares afford!"

A comprehensive book just published by the Oxford University Press[1] is *The London Miscellany.* A Nineteenth Century Scrapbook,[2] compiled by Robert Harling. "The London Visitor," "The London Vista," "The London Gourmet" ("They use a plentiful and nutritious diet," wrote Emerson), "The London Reformer" (including "Progress and Proceedings of the Ladies' Association for improving the condition of Female Prisoners in Newgate"), "The London Celebrity" (including "Political Reminiscences and Portraits by George Smalley, London Correspondent, 'New York Herald'")—these and other aspects are portrayed by a judicious (and entertaining) selection of quotations of every length and from almost every source, from daily newspapers to *A Statistical Vindication of the City of London.*

The illustrations (the "numerous embellishments") were gathered from printshops, museums and private collections. From the frontispiece, "State Bed, Prepared especially for the Great Exhibition by Messrs. Faudel and Phillips of Newgate Street," to the portrait of George Peabody—"Where'er that honoured name is heard The tears will gleam in woman's eyes; The hearts of men will stir and creep, and blessings to their lips will rise"—there is something for everybody.

Our own favourite is "The Fireproof Lady at Bartholomew Fair, 1814"—or perhaps "The 'Day Dreamer' Easy Chair," "manufactured in papier mache." Of all the sections, our favourite is "The London Celebrity," especially for the "Description of Mrs. Siddons as Volumnia," and "Thomas Carlyle at Home."

But there is enough for every taste—and it is really a quite serious book in spite of being entertaining.

The Oxonian, whose partiality for the *World's Classics* series[3] is well known, has just heard of the death, at the age of 80, of Mr. Aylmer Maude, whose translations of the works of Tolstoy and his own *Life of Tolstoy* are one of the outstanding features of the *World's Classics.* Mr. Maude was a close friend of Tolstoy, and his translations, as embodied in this inexpensive series as well as in the great *Tolstoy Centenary Edition,*[4] were declared by the great Russian writer to be the best in any language. We believe it is now the most complete also.

* * *

We have left no room for that absorbing topic, alas! international politics, except to say that an absorbing book on the most absorbing topic of all *Czechs and Germans* by Elizabeth Wiskemann, recently published by the Oxford University Press, has just been re-issued in a cheaper edition.[5]

THE OXONIAN.

(1) 114 Fifth Avenue. (2) $3.00. (3) Over 460 titles. 80c each. Write for complete list. (4) 21 vols. $65.00. (5) $3.00.

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Freud and Literature

THE BASIC WRITINGS OF SIGMUND FREUD. New York: Modern Library. 1938. $1.25.

Reviewed by HELEN V. McLEAN, M.D.

THE publication in one volume of six works by Sigmund Freud coincides with the compulsory exile from his native land of Freud himself. At the age of eighty-two years, during seventy-eight of which he has lived in Vienna, he has been forced to leave the place in which he has carried on his scientific work and practice in psychoanalysis. In addition, the Educational Institute and Society which were the outgrowth of his life work have been destroyed. The Internationale Psychoanalytische Verlag, which has published nearly all of the German psychoanalytic works and journals, has been taken over by the Nazis. Five years previously in Germany, Freud's books had been burned on that famous funeral pyre of May 10, 1933, but in Austria there was still the possibility of publication in German. With the destruction of the Verlag, the German language ceases to be the official language of psychoanalysis. Almost certainly English will replace German as the preeminent medium of psychoanalytic journals and books. It seems, therefore, very fitting that at this particular moment this volume should appear.

It contains five of Freud's works which have the widest interest for the intelligent public. Four of Freud's earliest formulations concerning normal psychic processes and the emotional development of normal individuals are included. These are "Psychopathology of Everyday Life," "The Interpretation of Dreams," "Three Contributions to the Theory of Sex," and "Wit and Its Relation to the Unconscious." Very wisely, I believe, the publishers have chosen those works which are concerned with the normal rather than the pathological. Slips of the tongue, forgetting, wit, and dreams are considered normal psychic productions by everyone. Many readers like to stray into the field of psychoanalytic case reports, but these to be understood as scientific works require even more background than other medical case histories. From the immense storehouse of clinical material which Freud has been collecting throughout his long, active life have come not only the numerous clinical and metapsychological contributions, but also writings concerned with the application of psychoanalytic concepts to many allied fields. "Totem and Taboo," which has been included in this volume, is one of Freud's best known and most questioned excursions into a non-medical field—that of anthropology. The Introduction by Dr. Brill and the final chapter by Freud, entitled "History of the Psychoanalytic Movement," will provide the reader with a concise summary of the development of psychoanalysis. These two sections of the volume should answer the question so often asked, "What is the difference between Freud's ideas and those of Jung or Adler?"

Revolutionary as Freud's concepts have been in the field of normal and abnormal psychology, his influence in allied fields is perhaps even greater. Of all artists, the writer should be most influenced by Freudian concepts, since the concern of the artist has always been with both the unconscious and conscious motivation of his characters. Because of Freud's dynamic concepts, the natural evolution of creative writing has been greatly accelerated, although the direction of its development is probably unchanged. When Freud first began to formulate his findings, "The Brothers Karamazov" had already been written. It is Freud's genius that he could draw together all the known facts about unconscious phenomena which the medical men, writers, and philosophers of the late nineteenth century had brought out. From such a heterogeneous mass of evidence he formulated general laws and dynamic concepts. This scientific order to which he reduced the laws of human behavior has become by now an integral part of the knowledge of writers and their public.

Sigmund Freud

If we consider the novel, the drama, biography, and the historical literature of the present time, we see in all these forms of literature a tremendous concern with those unconscious emotional forces in human life and society which Freud, in the face of an almost overwhelming opposition, insisted on exposing. Not only the content of writing, but the form in which the writer presents his material has changed. For the very method of "free association" which Freud utilized to bring back to consciousness the repressed unconscious impulses of his patients has been employed in the novel and drama as a means of presenting the unconscious emotional drives of human personality.

That Proust discovered "free association" independently of Freud seems highly probable. The perfect example of free association which he gives us in the beginning of "Du Côté de chez Swann" has all the earmarks of a thrilling personal discovery. I refer, of course, to the moment when as a young man he is just sipping a spoonful of tea in which a few crumbs of *petites madeleines* had been soaked. An exquisite pleasure invades all his senses. With his conscious faculties in abeyance, he is able to go back to a moment of his childhood which consciously has been long forgotten. Probably in this field as in many others, the discovery of a new psychological law (*i.e.*, repression) is made by two individuals almost simultaneously. It is interesting that critical evaluations of Proust's writings do not refer to any influence of Freud's technique and ideas on Proust. Certainly during the period when Proust was writing and rewriting "A la Recherche du Temps Uerdu," he must have heard many acrimonious arguments over Freudian concepts. We should also expect that his father, a distinguished physician, would have been conversant with the new psychotherapeutic tool. Proust observed himself and the men and women around him as Freud was observing himself and his psychoanalytic patients. He, like Freud, records the seemingly unimportant slip of the tongue, the unconscious gesture, the facial expression, and the dreams. Behind the conscious social façade of human beings, he discovers the hidden instinctual drives of a Charlus or of his beloved Albertine.

By free association, James Joyce in "Ulysses" has attempted to present simultaneously the conscious and unconscious life of his hero during one day of his adventuring. The clinical record of a psychoanalytic patient during several hours of treatment would appear as undirected as "Ulysses." Judged by any rational point of view, "Ulysses" and the patient's record make little sense. The emotional logic is clear, however, for anyone able to see below the surface. Many other writers have attempted to probe human character by similar dissecting methods; for example, Virginia Woolf, Dorothy Richardson, Eugene O'Neill, Thomas Wolfe.

Thomas Mann, in all his writings from "Buddenbrooks" to the current Joseph series, has shown a deep intuitive insight into the repressed, unknown aspects of human personality. These hidden depths and the defenses which the individual erects against instinctual drives are fused and blended into the conscious

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ego of his characters. Mann, the artist, is never overwhelmed at facing that which is repressed. His conscious artistic ego remains always in control. His created human personalities may be permanently or temporarily overpowered. Hans Castorp flees for a time to illness or to dead intellectualism. Eventually, the conventional Hans comes to a conscious knowledge and acceptance of his primitive and infantile desires. He becomes a grown man. On the other hand, Mann has portrayed in "Death in Venice" the disintegration of human personality when repressed unconscious impulses overwhelm the conscious ego. For such a person, unconscious suicide, either psychic or physical, is the only solution. Mann himself has recognized that he, in his writing, and Freud, in his field, are concerned with the same aspects of human personality, that is, the forgotten mythological past of an individual. On the occasion of Freud's eightieth birthday, Mann paid tribute to Freud, stressing the similarities between them.

It is forty-five years since Freud read his first paper on hysteria before the Viennese Neurological Society. The protest in the intervening period has continued to be vehement among many people, while among others there has been a gradual acceptance. Even those individuals who deny consciously that there is any validity in Freudian concepts utilize unconsciously in their thought and speech that which has seeped into our way of thinking and speaking. The man whose discoveries were once shocking to the majority of his fellowmen has lived to see his formulations a matter for serious study by scientists and artists and his ideas of human personality part of the common knowledge of men.

Dr. McLean is a member of the Institute for Psychoanalysis, Chicago.

Magazine Cinderellas

(*Continued from page* 4)

the "good, old-fashioned doorbell ringing school of salesmanship." There is no case on record of this professional indignation having any result.

The "back yard" is the most important department of the magazine, running in parallel columns with the advertising, containing news of the trade associations together with personal notes about men in the trade and the all-important "readers" or ads in news items' clothing. Example, from the *Barber's Journal:*

> Joe's Barber and Beauty Parlors report everything okeh. in both departments. Joe and Lou DiCaro are the proprietors and the shop is at 797 Utica Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The editorial, in which the editor demonstrates his concern for the interests of the trade, and the back yard, which carries the ads, being gotten out of the way, there remain the articles. One of them is almost certain to be a solemn pronouncement on such topic as "Values and Profits" or "Is Competition Wasteful?" (both, current issue *Marking Devices*) by some magnifico in the trade or an official of an advertising agency. A second article will probably be a "large reader"; frank publicity for some product advertised, or whose advertising is desired. Thus *American Cemetery* embarks on a "History of the Power Lawn-Mower" by an executive of a firm that makes them; *Building Maintenance* permits the head of a building-cleaning firm to tell "How Buildings are Washed by Steam."

That leaves three or four articles to be found. If the editorial budget is at low water these are apt to be reprints of daily newspaper editorials against the New Deal, crime, or the man-eating shark; or rewrites, in extended form, of seasonal articles from the files of five or six years back. If the budget is in flourishing condition, the additional articles are purchased from free-lance writers at a quarter to a half cent a word, extra for pictures, but nothing accepted without pictures. Many of these articles are from persons in the trade on the theme of How I Did It. Some are from the few professional trade journal writers, but most are of the "local boy makes good" type and come from reporters on local newspapers, who pick up pin-money in this fashion.

In a literary sense they are often picking up more than pin-money. Hilaire Belloc once said that a man able to describe how to tie a knot in a hundred words without using special terms could write anything he chose; and there is no school of clarity in English quite equal to that offered by writing about trades for tradesmen. Moreover, if the trade journals possess any influence on the arrangement of the threads that make up the fabric of American life, it is probably due to these free-lances—mostly young, mostly ambitious, laboriously patching words together twelve hours a day for a pittance.

For they are the ultimate source of that uniformity of appearance, that commercial uniformity, which impresses every visitor who travels across the continent. Let a restaurant keeper in Asheville or Santa Fe install a tame monkey in his window; within five days half the reporters in town have sent manuscripts headed "Gish Packs 'Em In with Simian" to *American Restaurant*, and within five weeks one of the articles has appeared and restaurateurs all over the country are pricing chimpanzees. A musical instrument firm in New York organized a harmonica band; it was reported only in the trade press, but a year later there were over two hundred such organizations and a national harmonica contest. The report in *Mitchell's Tailor* that a Philadelphia house had been doing a good business by selling nothing but pants was enough to set up a pants shop in every considerable city of the country.

Nothing escapes the eyes of these hungry and active free-lance reporters. If it is rumored that any trade journal is paying for humor (a good many run humorous columns, but the usual procedure is to lift jokes from the comic strips) it is instantly bombarded with quips translated from *Le Rire* or modernized from the back files of *Punch*. An editor who admits that he occasionally pays for poetry has half a dozen parodies of "The Congo" or "The Shooting of Dan McGrew" on his desk within a week, all dressed out with references to the trade and its personalities. When there is no news, the obliging free-lances will make it. The glad tidings that *Asbestos* was paying a whole cent a word was enough to make one free-lance secure from the local city fathers an edict that Santa Claus should wear asbestos whiskers. Another persuaded the city administration to gather statistics on how many of its employees were insured, so that he might have an item for *Insurance Field.*

Free-lance or regular employee, the great week in the trade journal writer's year is that of the national convention. The editor is there "calling on the trade," which is a euphemism for making merry with its important members. He has probably brought with him a space salesman and one or more members of the staff, but they are usually not in very good shape either, so the local free-lance gets the job of writing the report of the convention and collecting copies of the speeches by big-wigs of the industry which will furnish a large proportion of the journal's copy for the remainder of the year. It is a very poor convention that cannot be reported in 20,000 words, and even at a quarter to half a cent a word this is riches for the impecunious free-lance; so much so that he sometimes loses his head a trifle. One such reported to the paper he was serving that a certain trade worthy had died of "potmain poisoning" at his hotel. The editorial desk thought the remark good enough to let it go through to print that way, but the trade took it for a printer's error.

Fletcher Pratt is the author of a history of the U. S. Navy and co-author of a book on the Lost Battalion.

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The Road of Empire

ITALY'S FOREIGN AND COLONIAL POLICY: 1914-1937. *By Maxwell H. H. Macartney and Paul Cremona. New York: Oxford University Press.* 1938. $3.

Reviewed by VERA MICHELES DEAN

ITALY'S emergence as a factor in international affairs has created a new interest in the bases of its foreign policy, which is ably analyzed in this volume by Mr. Macartney, long the Rome correspondent of the London *Times*, and Dr. Cremona, correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor* (who has just been expelled from Italy). In the past, Italy's foreign policy was too often dismissed with a reference to its betrayal of the Triple Alliance (which is misleading, since the alliance was to operate only in case of a defensive war, and was always qualified by Italy's friendship with Britain); and by the glib statement that Italy —financially and economically unprepared for war—had joined the Allies solely because of "sacred egoism" (as if other powers had fought purely from altruistic motives). Italy's behavior at the Peace Conference, when its extravagant demands, combined with lack of political influence, antagonized its war allies, did not enhance its prestige in foreign affairs; while its failure to obtain a share of the mandates in Africa and Asia Minor left the Italian people with the embittered impression of "mutilated victory" and the desire to show the world that Italy could not be trifled with.

This post-war disillusionment, which ranged Italy, outwardly a war victor, on the side of the countries which sought territorial revision, played directly into the hands of Mussolini, eager to assert his will to power on a world scale. Marshaling the country's meager economic resources in corporative formation, Mussolini undertook the reconstitution of the Roman Empire. In his struggle for power he inevitably clashed with Britain and France, whose friendship had in the past proved a bulwark against Germany and Austria-Hungary. To achieve his colonial ambitions, Mussolini sacrificed Austria to Hitler, and became the weaker end of an axis whose every move tends to drive Italy out of Central Europe and reduce it to the position of what the German press describes as a "Mediterranean-African empire."

Intoxicated with his success in defying the British-led coalition of sanctionist states over Ethiopia, Il Duce, immediately after announcing that Italy had no further territorial ambitions, embarked on the Spanish adventure, which has proved far more costly and far less fruitful than the Ethiopian conquest. Fear of Germany, which remains Britain's principal potential enemy, caused Neville Chamberlain to make a deal with Italy, whose chief advantage, from Mussolini's point of view, is that for the first time in modern history Britain treats Italy not as a country of gondoliers and archeological remains, but as a world power. Yet by a tragic paradox, this recognition came at the very moment when Italy was confronted on the Brenner Pass by a rearmed Germany determined to complete that eastward expansion of which it had been balked in 1914. Mussolini has discovered that Germany's friendship is a dangerous stranglehold. Dragged in the wake of Hitler's foreign and colonial policy, which assigns to Italy the unenviable role of wresting Tunis from France or Palestine from Britain, Mussolini must rue the day when he discarded his people's traditional distrust of Germany. Retreat being worse than death for a dictator, Il Duce, according to the authors of this book, has no choice but to continue on the road of empire which he has chosen. This road, they believe, can lead only to a conflict with Britain over the issue of supremacy in the Mediterranean.

Vera Micheles Dean is a member of the staff of the Foreign Policy Association.

Music and Its Environment

MUSIC, HISTORY, AND IDEAS. By Hugo Leichtentritt. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1938. $3.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR MENDEL

INTEGRATION is in the air. As the present disintegrates around us, we strive for a unified view of the past. And the wonderful progress that the last century or so has brought in the history of the individual arts makes it possible now to emphasize their interrelations.

One can view in these interrelations three currents: the influence of developments in one art upon another; the effects of social, economic, and political change upon all the arts; or the "morphology of history" that shapes an entire culture. The first of these is the most obvious, though perhaps not the most real. It is the sort of "correlation" that has become something of an educational fad. But because one cannot escape the impression that the artistic impulse has a certain identity whatever form it takes, an examination of contemporaneous developments in the art leads the inquiring mind to what lies behind them—economic determinism or cultural destiny according to the temperament and bias of the individual.

Music history, laboriously pursuing the echo of sounds uttered too long ago, has hardly yet achieved that position of security which would enable it to pause for reflection upon the significance of its discoveries. But the painful problems of modern music have forced speculation on us, forced us to look for the relations between musical developments and their environments.

It is almost a new field of inquiry, and at present all contributions are welcome. Since Spengler surveyed it, with all the audacity of his amateur standing, it has been certain that his incomparable challenge must be accepted by scholars. "Music, History, and Ideas" is, despite the vastness of the title, only a modest step towards accepting it. It is an eminent scholar's skeleton history of music, from Mount Olympus to Schönberg, Stravinsky, and Sibelius, with frequent references to other fields of activity. In tone the book seems addressed to the layman; on the whole, it avoids technical discussion. Whether the layman will profit much by so brief a mention as can be given most of the figures included seems open to question. A few salient figures and tendencies, treated more in the round, might have given a juster view of the relations between music, history, and ideas.

And if the purpose is, as the Introduction states, to "try to connect the facts of the history of music with the history of the human spirit, with general culture in its varied aspects, and with the history of political and social conditions," less space might have been devoted to the names and details of music history, and more attention given to its connections with developments outside the purely artistic sphere.

Connections with the other arts are sometimes too easy to see. Statements that Correggio discovered "the principle of chiaroscuro . . . which became so important an element not only for painting but also for music in the brilliant tone-color of the Venetian school, in the harmony and color effects of the Italian madrigals, and still later in the modern orchestra," or that Giovanni Gabrieli, "trained to perfection by the fascinating Venetian painting of Titian, Palma, Veronese, and Tintoretto . . . discovered the means of transferring the effects of baroque painting to music" border on metaphor. Even Spengler hardly maintained that musicians are in any traceable way "trained" by painters. The fertility of such inferences seems to me very questionable.

At any rate, it is ground that would need tilling, if at all, only after a thorough examination of music's relations with its social and economic environment—a subject Dr. Leichtentritt hardly touches, but one which, being not metaphorical but real in the most practical way, offers a promising field for fruitful investigation.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
MURDER GOES TO THE DOGS *Timothy Brace* (Dutton: $2.)	Two deadly knifings at Florida dog-racing track enlist expert attention of Anthony Adams, sleuthing cynophile.	Interesting dog-track background and argot, crowd of unpleasant characters, pretty terrible humor, and startling solution.	Middlin'

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The New Books

Biography

SECRET LIFE OF A SECRET AGENT. By Henry W. Lanier. Lippincott. 1938. $2.50.

Mr. Lanier purports here to offer us the memoirs of a real spy, who apparently belonged to the French Deuxième Bureau, but he evidently could not persuade his man to talk long enough or to the point, and did not bother to check his statements. Something over a third of the resultant book deals with How Rough My Father Treated Me; the half-way mark is reached before there is anything to justify the title; and most of the remainder is devoted to meditations of this order:

> It is stating exact truth to record that in this instance, as in many others, I had no real sense of fear or excitement. For something must happen down inside a man. Something vital enough to make a deep dent in his memory.

Moreover, World War spies have long since reached the stage of saying plainly who and what they are talking about, but Mr. Lanier's secret agent is still talking mysteriously about Miss O., Mrs. H., and Mr. F. Perhaps this is just as well. The one instance in which names are named turned out to be the old tale of the Kaiser's son being caught in France by American counter-espionage agents, and the "two German colonels" who divulged the plan for the last offensive during the ensuing intrigue. The story was first told in 1923 and exploded in 1924; and it is, unfortunately, the best and most coherent tale in a bad book.

F. P.

Fiction

A. HALL & CO. By Joseph C. Lincoln. Appleton-Century. 1938. $2.50.

The appeal of Joe Lincoln's books on Cape Cod—this is the thirty-seventh—has depended upon the savor of salt and oilskins that pervaded them, and in this local aura his characters have been gently entangled to produce the yarns his readers love. But the atmosphere is thinning now; he has taken it for granted and concentrated on a story with about as much substance as a "riz" biscuit. The characters Eri and Lavinia have been succeeded by caricatures of their kind.

When Cap'n Carver Hall returned from everywhere to Orham and his brother Andrew's shell-fish business, he found a feud in progress that not only threatened Andrew with ruin but might easily blight the romance of his niece Estelle with the enemy's stepson. People were set in their ways at Orham; they were as uncompromising as quahaugs, and the more typical of Andrew's sort were dead against such progressive notions as "hiring" money from the bank or modernizing the town, though beneath their bluster they were sterling fine. It was not so much his brother's land feud that Carver had to resolve, for the city slickers could be outwitted by commonsense; his triumph was one of diplomacy over those tough elements of the native character which worked against their own ends. His saltiness is exaggerated, but he is a great fellow flirting with Love Cahoon or untangling with his kindly, horny hands the knots his young romancers are snarled within, or nursing Sylvanus Coffin, his ancient friend. We "presume likely" he'll leave many a warmed heart among those who read of him.

H. D.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 231)

ROGER WILLIAMS: "BLOODY TENANT."

'Tis lamentably true, blessed Truth, the foundations of the world have long been out of course. . . . With what a wearied, tired wing have I, Peace, flown over nations, kingdoms, cities, towns to find out precious Truth.

History

GONE ARE THE DAYS. By E. Alexander Powell. Atlantic Monthly Press Publication: Little, Brown. 1938. $2.50.

This is a general survey of life in Syracuse during the '80s and '90s of the last century, presented in some detail because it is Mr. Powell's belief that the town was typical of many in the East at that time. It doubtless was, but we have had so many splendid studies of the era, so many reminiscences more personal and attractive than this, so many broader and wiser histories, that this book seems superfluous. Neither the material facts of life in Syracuse nor Mr. Powell's comments on them are very interesting as given here. His own family, though apparently an important one, is poorly centered in the life he describes, and a great part of the book concerns customs that are not at all peculiar to Syracuse and have been more happily recorded elsewhere.

His was the age, of course, of white plug hats and whatnots, of shirtfront dickeys (there was one that revolved to a different color on each day of the week), of the "den" for the man of the house and the "Turkish nook" for his daughter, of barkeeps whose side-line was the biting off of dogs' tails, and of bicycles, "a peril to the purity of American girlhood." In Syracuse there were even bicycle police for the regulation of that infernal traffic. It was the cast-iron age, the nadir of architectural and decorative art in America. Mr. Powell tells a bit of the history of Syracuse beginning with the discovery of the salt lake by a seventeenth century Jesuit priest, then jumps to the days of his boyhood in the "elegant eighties." He recalls Buffalo Bill, who set his buffalo after the fat Mayor, and a few other original characters who brought life to Syracuse though they bring very little to the book. The local anecdotes are frequently pointless, and we can summon no interest to hear that the author had trouble with his algebra, nor to learn what lay at the western end of Railroad Street. Nor does the shallow distinction between a chippy and a tart excite us without better illustrative examples than Mr. Powell is able to recall. His travel books are often vivid enough with personal adventure, but this sort of semi-personal history is quite beyond his means.

H. D.

Miscellaneous

BABIES ARE HUMAN BEINGS. By C. Anderson Aldrich, M.D. and Mary M. Aldrich. Macmillan. 1938. $1.75.

This is a sensible little book which should interest all parents with small children. It does not take up the care and feeding of babies. Instead, as the subtitle says, it is an "interpretation of growth." It describes the baby as an entity and then traces his developing powers and accomplishments. Dr. Aldrich, who is associate professor of pediatrics at Northwestern University Medical College, stresses the orderly progress of a baby's development.

The material is excellent. It is interesting to find, for instance, that blind babies smile—so smiling is not an imitative act; and premature infants take longer to smile than full term ones. They wait for their normal birth date to come and then delay four more weeks. In other words, they smile four weeks after the time they *should have been born.*

Dr. Aldrich has great sympathy for babies and respect for Nature, and he speaks words of common sense to parents who insist on trying to thwart both. As he says, we break down all the strength of character we later expect to find in a child by too much interference. Babies are often quite stubborn, and they should be. They have to be stubborn to survive. Dr. Aldrich prefers this group, which he calls "sparklers," to the placid, dull, highly regimented infant.

He gives one classic example at the end of the book of a worried mother who rushed into his office to see why her seven-year-old child was nervous. She couldn't understand it. She never let her roller-skate, or go to the movies, or play with other children, or listen to the radio. In fact she never let her do anything at all, but curiously enough she continued to be nervous.

At the end of the book is a developmental schedule, telling what may be expected of the normal child in the first two years. This is based on Dr. Arnold Gesell's findings.

R. C. B.

CONFESSIONS OF AN ECONOMIC HERETIC. By J. A. Hobson. Macmillan. 1938. $2.

Mr. Hobson is known to students of economics through the many books in which he has endeavored to give a human interpretation to the "dismal science" of the classical economists. His latest work, published in his eightieth year, is a kind of intellectual autobiography explaining the development of his economic thinking during the course of half a century. Many of the economic concepts which he has persistently attacked during these years are still firmly implanted in the orthodox economics of today, and Mr. Hobson has well earned

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the title of heretic, which he bestows upon himself in no spirit of bravado.

While the author discusses mainly his English experiences and impressions, American readers of this book will be interested in noting the extent to which his views have been influenced by developments on this side of the Atlantic. Mr. Hobson regarded the United States as the best place for a test of the merits of the *laissez faire* doctrines of the classical school. Here was a rich and largely self-contained community, "with little political interference with business enterprise," where capitalism had free play. But instead of the attainment of a maximum of prosperity and happiness, there came wild orgies of speculation, a flood of unsound foreign investments, economic collapse, and vast unemployment, followed by a wild plunge into public spending and subsidies in an effort to bring back prosperity. Such phenomena strengthened Mr. Hobson's conviction that "there is something seriously wrong with capitalism."

While challenging the tenets of orthodox economists, Mr. Hobson is presumably also a heretic in the eyes of the orthodox socialists and communists. He dislikes the emphasis which so many socialists place upon the material needs of the human animal and he believes that the communist principle of "from each according to his ability, to each according to his needs" might possibly be made to work in a pioneer farming community but not in a larger society living under modern conditions. The way out, as he sees it, is a partial adoption of state socialism, with the retention of a sufficient field for private enterprise to offer opportunities for the productive activities of the higher grade workers, including risk-takers. The present volume is marked with the discursiveness which characterizes much of Mr. Hobson's work. His views have never attracted a large following, but his emphasis upon "humanist economics" has undoubtedly contributed to a broader understanding of our complicated and changing economic environment.

W. O. S.

Travel

BEATING ABOUT THE BUSH. By Brian O'Brien. Furman. 1938. $2.50.

This is a tale of the purest adventure for adventure's sake, with no lessons in it, no perquisites of any sort for the enlightenment of the moral and physical sciences. The action of it will enrich no man a whit but in his capacity to relish dangers at second hand and travel for 350 pages with a stout good fellow. When Brian O'Brien came to French Cameroon as an employee of a British trading company he hoped only to make a little money and live in peace after the horror of the war, but even in port town Duala he saw the mold of Africa and the poison of its women rotting the lives of his friends. The Brain-fever Bird that drove men mad whirred over his brutal employer, and though the town was policed by the French it was not uncommon to see a peanut thief stoned and speared. The whites were vicious cowards and the natives cruel as only the half-educated savage can be.

The town was a corrupt menace to Brian O'Brien, so he changed to a French company and went trading alone, at twenty-one and without experience, into the Cameroon forest. The reek of blood was around him always, gorillas pursued him, he was charged by rogue elephants and scared stiff by an albino negress who came dancing down the path in the moonlight. But again it was the white men who were the most dangerous; one sold female slaves, another illegal silver currency. Only among the stalwart missionaries, and the American ones particularly, did he feel safe from their blackmail or knives. The natives were for the most part honorable, and he respected the true sense of beauty that admired the sparkle of a sunlit tin can. Trading palm oil, rubber, and ivory for salt and cotton prints, trekking to the white world's end, he met curious characters. There was natty black Mr. Hayford who ruled his village with a mail-order magic outfit, and the Frenchman whose stockade was built of elephant skulls, and the pretty Mademoiselle who purveyed romance to the barking serenade of chimpanzees.

Brian O'Brien writes as decently of his love-affairs, black, white, and half-caste, as he does of his many battles with men and beasts, and he is unashamed to tell of his panic in a matted wilderness where a herd of elephants can tear through the trees without a sound. It was an occult region, but its hot breath will be real as the chill up your spine as you read it.

H. D.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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PERSONALS

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GENERAL

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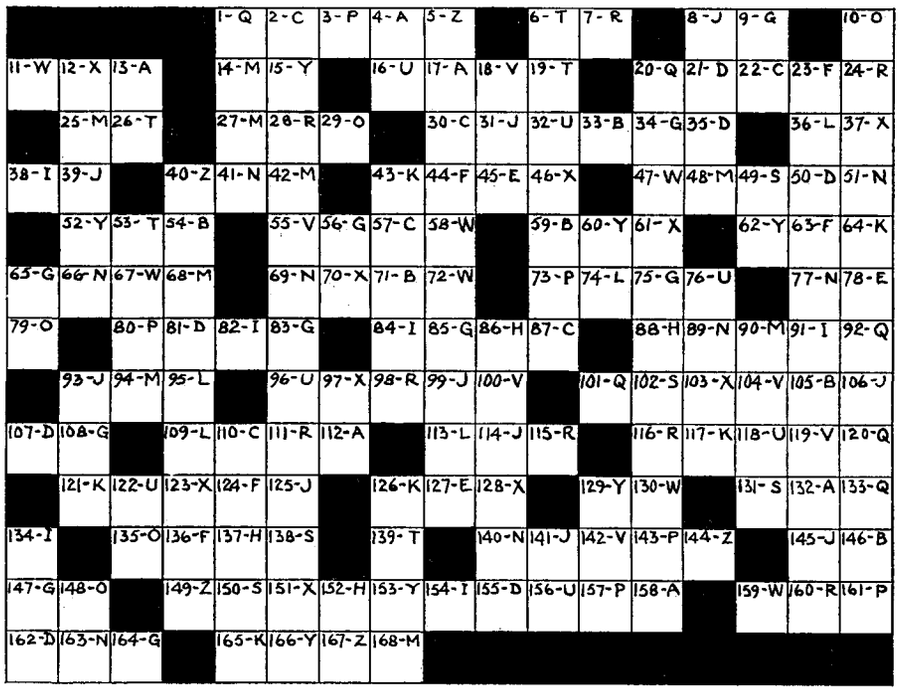
Double-Crostics: No. 232

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 21 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Harassed by bantering (slang).
B. Supreme deity of Zoroastrianism.
C. False pathos.
D. Terrestrial.
E. Greek letter.
F. Pentateuch.
G. Ungovernable.
H. Novel by Jane Austen.
I. Substance for curdling milk.
J. Russian-Jewish composer (1830-1894).
K. Belong, as attributes.
L. Hiding place.
M. Purgation of emotions by art.
N. Knightly character in "Parsifal."
O. River of forgetfulness in Hades.
P. Incidents.
Q. Old-fogyish (colloq.).
R. Individuality.
S. Part of animal which performs specific functions.
T. Pseudonym for David Ross Locke (last name).
U. Unmeasured; huge.
V. Mental powers of endurance.
W. Quality of lacking elevation.
X. Obscure, darken.
Y. Subject of famous Swift letters.
Z. Upper regions of space.

WORDS

A. 4 17 132 158 13 112
B. 146 71 33 59 105 54
C. 57 22 87 2 110 30
D. 21 81 35 155 50 162 107
E. 45 78 127
F. 124 63 23 44 136
G. 85 34 75 83 164 147 65 56 9 108
H. 137 88 152 86
I. 38 91 154 82 134 84
J. 99 31 145 8 39 125 93 141 106 114
K. 117 126 121 43 64 165
L. 36 113 109 74 95
M. 90 14 27 94 25 168 68 48 42
N. 89 69 140 66 163 77 41 51
O. 10 79 135 148 29
P. 143 161 3 157 73 80
Q. 92 1 133 20 101 120
R. 24 7 111 116 28 98 160 115
S. 150 102 49 131 138
T. 53 139 26 6 19
U. 156 16 32 118 76 96 122
V. 18 100 119 142 104 55
W. 159 11 67 130 72 47 58
X. 70 12 103 151 46 97 123 61 37 128
Y. 166 129 60 153 15 62 52
Z. 5 149 40 167 144

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

OLD Q. (whose continual references to himself must be vastly annoying) remembers that some reviewer once said, of a Life of Dorothy Wordsworth, that there may be more William Wordsworths when there are more Dorothies. ☞We discern something (*mutatis mutandis*) of Dorothy Wordsworth feeling and temper in a delicious little book of poems by Abbie Huston Evans, *The Bright North* (Macmillan). How good to come, tingling, upon such braw stuff. Like New England granite, it flashes spunks of wit; it has sensibility cunningly guarded and also boldly released; a seriousness that is high but never merely solemn. A joy to those alert for both mind and melody. Look, for instance, for her description of an ant running down a page of Keats.

☞Marion Stoer, of the D. D. Bookshop in Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, was amused to find in the catalogue of the Caxton Press a section headed BUSTS. She thought this extraordinary frankness on the part of publishers until she found they meant just what they said. They offer a zinc bust of Vardis Fisher for $60. Now if we had sixty dollars. . . . ☞We like the sound of Hudson Strode's anthology, forthcoming from Random House, *Immortal Lyrics*. The publisher says "Ever since Professor Strode discovered, many years ago, that Marvell's *To His Coy Mistress* had been omitted from Palgrave's *Golden Treasury* 'as something not quite nice,' he determined that one day he would make his own collection, regardless of any arbitrary standards of manners or morals."

☞We were glad to find, in Elmer Davis's essay *On Being Kept by a Cat* in Harper's Magazine, that Mr. Davis is an admirer of one of the grandest cats in literature—old Hiddigeigei in Scheffel's *Trompeter von Säckingen*. We once actually rode a bicycle all the way to Säckingen largely because of Hiddigeigei. To think that in all the years we have admired Mr. Davis's writing we had this in common and never knew it. ☞Amused to observe, rereading E. M. Forster's *Aspects of the Novel*, that Mr. Forster says his (Mr. Forster's) "priggishness" prevents him from enjoying Conan Doyle. A pity. ☞Among literary associations note (says M. K.) a Chinese-American restaurant near Columbus Circle called *The Good Earth*. ☞It is excellent news that Carl Van Doren has thawed out Ben Franklin. In the preface to his biography (which will be the October Book of the Month) he says "the dry, prim people seem to regard him as a treasure shut up in a savings bank to which they have the lawful key. I herewith give him back, in his lusty dimensions, to his nation and the world." ☞It was Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach who did the most complete job of unprimming in his (fortunately published only in secret) *The All-Embracing Doctor Franklin*. ☞A witty and engrossing yarn, full of good Scots lingo and humorous "confloptions," also some eerie pangs, not to be classified just as a mystery: *Lament for a Maker*, by Michael Innes. (Dodd Mead.) Dunbar's great dirge runs through it like a refrain.

☞A pleasant adventure this summer was a visit (on a very warm day) to the old home of Margaret Fuller at 71 Cherry Street, Cambridge, Mass. That great-hearted woman would have been happy indeed if she could have seen the back garden (in which she studied Greek as a learned child) now the playground of all sorts of less privileged youngsters, both white and black; and classes in sewing, dramatics, reading and all sorts of good fun in her old home. ☞The Margaret Fuller House has for 36 years done a quiet valuable work in neighborhood recreation; its average weekly attendance is close to 1000, mostly in the ages 5 to 18, and among 19 nationalities. Next year it becomes a member of a Community Federation, but to complete its independent budget this year it needs contributions. A work of this kind in the name of Margaret Fuller has special claim on the literary community. ☞Winifred Waldron writes that Los Angeles has a very special book thief, who is so fond of Omar Khayyam that he has twice gone to jail within two years for stealing the *Rubaiyat*. ☞Minna H. Breuer (Cincinnati) says our favorite old cheese shop, F. W. Hearn & Bro., is still at 67 Fulton Street, N. Y. C.—We suppose it's Hearn's we meant? it's so long since we've been there we are a bit vague. ☞A publicity note from Philly says Joe Lippincott is in Austria shooting roebuck, chamois and moufflon. We are not sure whether Moufflon is an animal or an author? ☞Appleton-Century have printed in pamphlet an interesting essay on Edith Wharton by Arthur Hobson Quinn. Mrs. Wharton's last book, *The Buccaneers*, will appear this month. ☞We like Hollander, Davidson & Albertson's (Los Angeles) description of *Gulliver's Travels* in their list of "Great Books of Yesterday and Today." They annotate it as "a sinister masterpiece on the insufficiency of mankind."

☞A new book which pokes good fun at the frailties of man is *We Were In the Ark*, amusingly written and illustrated by Geoffrey Holme. This comes from the Studio Publications (381 Fourth Avenue, N. Y.) and describes a meeting of the fauna who went cruising in the Ark. Intended primarily for children and (like all titles on the Studio's carefully edited list) handsomely produced. ☞The Dodge Publishing Company is out with number four of *The Body Beautiful*, a series which might well run as long as S & S's Crossword Puzzles for it deals with a perennial topic. Dudley Lee remarks in a preface that "as desire for beauty develops the artist turns more and more to the female figure as a subject, for nowhere in nature could he find such a prevalence of the s curve, the line of beauty." ☞Poor old Q., however, is getting along with spaghetti instead. ☞William Morrow & Co. have reprinted for gratis distribution Joseph Henry Jackson's biographical sketch of Erle Stanley Gardner (*The Case of the Mystery Writer*) which first appeared in this Review, July 16. ☞We have word from Gordon and Roberta Chalmers describing the Thomas Hardy Inn at Stonington, Conn. The Hardy commemorated is *Sir* Thomas in whose arms Nelson died at Trafalgar ("Kiss me, Hardy"). ☞Our correspondents note also that the house passes a decanter of sherry offering you a complimentary drink to Sir Thomas's health. This is good innkeeping. ☞To many booksellers we fear the great name *Cutty Sark* means only a whiskey. But the old clipper for which the whiskey was named still exists; luckier than our *Tusitala* she was never broken up but remains as a training ship for cadets at Greenhithe on the Thames. She was moved there this summer after being anchored at Falmouth for the past fifteen years. ☞Under all plain sail *Cutty Sark* spread 27 "clouts" and had some twenty additional "frills" for light winds. She was built in 1867. ☞The original fame of the term cutty sark comes of course from Robert Burns.

☞Apropos Burns, and bobtailed shifts, and any other irresponsible feelings, we enjoyed the jubilee number (50 years) of the Journal of the Gypsy Lore Society sent us by our old friend and raggletaggle Mr. Richardson Wright. ☞The G. L. S. was founded by Charles Godfrey Leland; and his famous niece Elizabeth Robins Pennell spent her honeymoon cycling among gypsy camps. The president of the society is Augustus John the painter, who himself speaks several dialects of Romany. ☞Mr. Wright, who contributes to the current issue an article on Gypsy Lore in America notes that the Society now has only twenty members in the U. S. "We lack," he says, "that comfortable acceptance of Gypsies as part of the rural scene which is so prevalent in England. Our motor-cycle police are, perhaps, more strong-hearted than the country constables of England and Wales." But he adds that the N. Y. police headquarters has an Irish inspector who can speak Romany. ☞Another old friend of this magazine, Mr. Alfred Hamill, deeply tinctured with the Romany Stain, writes a charming Envoy to the jubilee issue. He says:—

> Along the narrow and sometimes sunken lanes one meets strange company. As you read this page before you, you can know that it is being scanned, with feelings of satisfaction and petulance, by as odd a variety of folk as will be caught together under a flimsy awning when the sky drops and the butler announces the Day of Judgment. Whether in the crowded riddle of Leningrad or on the windy plains of Kansas, in "people-pestered" London, or among the high hills of Albania, men and women find time or make time to read this curious *Journal*. Slim as it may be sometimes, it contains matter for the artist, the poet, the linguist, the folklore enthusiast, the historian, and the pure, unadulterated crank. Even, I think, an archdeacon and a banker have awaited this issue with impatience.

☞To avert unanswerable inquiry, we should add that any inquiries about the G. L. S. should be addressed to the Secretary, D. E. Yates, M.A., The University, Liverpool, England.

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